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The Week

THE proposal by the Conservative government of Great Britain of a more comprehensive plan of old age and disability insurance than that which now obtains throws a lot of light on the drift of European capitalism and on the significant similarity between the Conservatism of today and the Liberalism of twenty-five years ago. For the moment capitalism in America is opposed to any interference by the state with business except for the purpose of safeguarding its possessions and increasing its opportunities and profits. But in Europe the early private capitalism is being succeeded by a paternalistic state capitalism which assumes the responsibility of protecting the wage-earners against the accidents of life and the demoralizing effects of low wages. The employers of labor were in the beginning wholly opposed to the assumption by industry of its share of such a responsibility, but after it is once assumed and their businesses are adjusted to the tax they usually begin to think well of the plan. They find that it modifies the attitude of their employes in the direction of increased contentment, amenability, dependence and docility. In this matter German state capitalism pointed the way, and British state capitalism is following in its footsteps.

EVEN more significant, however, is the fact that the initiative in extending the machinery of state capitalism should come from the Conservative Party. Traditionally the British Tories have been allied with the landed aristocracy and the gentry, and the British Liberals with the manufacturers and merchants. The first important steps in the direction of state capitalism were taken by the Liberals, as the representatives of a reformist capitalism, and in spite of the opposition of the Conservatives. But since 1910 the business interests of Great Britain have increasingly allied themselves with the Conservatives while at the same time, owing to the close connection between business and the state during the War, and the increasing dependence of private business on state encouragement, they have become increasingly reconciled both to increasing state responsibilities and to some measures of reform. The Conservatives will, consequently, take over part of the former Liberal program, and to that extent render the Liberal party unnecessary. The government which they will give to the country will express the point of view of the moderately benevolent business man. It will assume a partial responsibility for the popular economic welfare in the hope of avoiding any further resignation of economic and political power to organized labor.

FOR the present the tendency in this country is different. American capitalism is not as yet conspicuously reformist, and its disposition to reform when it does exist looks in the direction of eliminating economic rather than social waste. Its most serious problem is not the grievances of the wage-earner, but the precarious position of the farmer. Up to date it has been as incompetent to protect American rural civilization against the devouring flame of urban industrialism as English capitalism has been. Probably the big industrialists do not altogether regret that agricultural adversity presents them with a good opportunity of satisfying their increasing demand for factory labor at the expense of the farms. But they may regret it later.

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At any rate they do not suffer at present from the kind of political pressure which had induced their British analogues to assume benevolence and to experiment with social reform. There are much less permanent unemployment, acute privation and actual destitution in this country than in Great Britain. American capitalism will not become paternalistic and benevolent until an economic tendency sets in to impair the standard of living and until the American wage-earner becomes much more conscious of his need of group self-assertion than he is at present.

AMBASSADOR Houghton had hardly landed on British shores before he made a speech of capital importance. Speaking before the Pilgrims in London he declared that American interest in European rehabilitation is dependent upon the display by the Powers of a reasonable, conciliatory and mutually trustful spirit. Unless this is exhibited, he declared flatly, "those helpful processes now in motion must cease." He did not refer to our miscellaneous humanitarian activities in connection with the League of Nations. He referred, as he very clearly indicated, to loans of American money. Since the United States is at present the great repository of capital for all European countries, which will continue to require large loans both for public and private purposes, Mr. Houghton's speech threatens the exercise of pressure at the one point where it can be applied most effectively. There is no doubt that what he said represents the official view of President Coolidge and Secretary Kellogg. There is no doubt, either, that it is aimed primarily at France. "The full measure of American helpfulness," said the Ambassador, "can be obtained only when the American people are assured that the time for destructive methods and policies has passed and that the time for peaceful upbuilding has come. They are asking themselves if that time has in fact arrived. And that question they cannot today answer. The answer must be given to them. It must come from the peoples of Europe, who alone can make the decision. . . . If—which God forbid—that answer shall continue confused and doubtful, then I fear that those helpful processes which are now in motion must inevitably cease."

WHAT is the situation which has caused this remarkable pronouncement? There is a new government in France which represents to a degree a return to that Poincaréism from which Herriot never really departed very far. The proposed mutual treaty guaranteeing security for both France and Germany has been laid aside. The election of von Hindenberg has been the signal for renewed declarations in Paris that Germany cannot now and never can be trusted. Under cloak of an unpublished report regarding the failure to disarm, every effort is clearly being made to postpone indefinitely the final withdrawal of Allied troops from the Ruhr and the Rhine. The Dawes plan, with which American prestige in Europe is closely bound up, has unquestionably been imperilled by the recent trend of events. In these circumstances, Ambassador Houghton's speech is nothing less than a warning to France to reflect upon the consequences before she continues in a course which may have the gravest consequences for the peace of the Continent.

THE New Republic does not attach any importance to the charge, circulated by the People's Legislative Service, that Mr. Dwight Morrow of J. P. Morgan & Company has used his personal influence with President Coolidge in order to protect the General Electric Company from effective prosecution by the Department of Justice. That Mr. Morrow is a close friend of the President is well known. That the President consults Mr. Morrow about questions of public policy we can well believe. We certainly hope that such is the case. Mr. Morrow is exceptionally well-informed about some aspects of conditions in Europe. No doubt he has given to the President some good advice with respect to foreign policy. But that Mr. Morrow has used any influence which he may have with the President for the benefit of a corporation in which he or the firm of J. P. Morgan & Company is financially interested, we do not believe for one moment. Mr. Morrow is a fastidiously upright man. He is personally disinterested to an unusual extent, and his standards of private and public conduct are punctiliously correct.

IT IS a deplorable aspect of economic agitation in this country that Progressives so frequently attribute acts of public policy of which they disapprove to the merely suspected existence of nefarious private intrigues. If the Department of Justice has, as Mr. Samuel Untermyer alleges, been incompetent and negligent in prosecuting the General Electric Company for violation of the anti-trust law, there is of course every reason why it should be publicly attacked for its negligence and incompetence. But there is no reason why the indictment of the Department of Justice which is based on public records and is a matter of evidence should be confused with a wholly suppositious and necessarily improbable attack on the reputation of a man like Mr. Morrow.

IF THE Department of Justice under Daugherty did treat the General Electric Company with benevolence, it is not necessary to lug in Mr. Morrow in order to explain its behavior. The defective prosecution, of which Mr. Untermyer complains, was planned some time before Mr. Coolidge succeeded Mr. Harding, and, under Daugherty, it was a settled policy of the Department to treat all corporations with benevolence. But even if the Coolidge administration were clearly responsible for the alleged

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failure to prosecute the General Electric Company with a sufficiently sharp legal weapon, it would still be entirely unfair to impute the failure to Mr. Morrow's influence with the President. No one knows or can know the extent of that influence except the President, his friend, and perhaps a few of their friends. What we do know is that both Mr. Morrow and Mr. Coolidge are men of integrity, and that their relationship is creditable to both of them and probably beneficial to the country.

OUR heartiest thanks and congratulations to Mrs. Sarah Coe and Mrs. Noble Potts, who are respectively Chairman of the Clubwomen's Protective Association and President of the National Patriotic Council. They have accomplished the feat which we had supposed impossible: they have made the cause of the 106 percent patriots even more gloriously ridiculous than any of their predecessors had done. Both these ladies attacked the International Council of Women, on the eve of its conference in Washington, the charges ranging all the way from a program overloaded with speakers favoring the League of Nations, to pacifism, internationalism and Communism. Mrs. Noble Potts, in particular, is the author of a magnificent letter to the sponsors of the gathering. Among other things, it asks:

> Are there among the officers of your organization or prominent in your program personnel those to whom the late R. M. Whitney in his books, Reds in America and Peace at Any Old Price has referred as ultra pacifists, internationalistic or communistic, or advocates of weak defenses for this government, or who have been or are apologists for the Soviet form of government of Russia? If so, who are they?
>
> Does your international organization stand for any or all or none of the above "ideals"?
>
> . . . Does your organization or any of its officers support the unmoral and unpatriotic "youth movement"?
>
> . . . Will your conference fail to open any session with prayer?
>
> . . . Will your conference permit to be distributed . . . in the lobby adjoining the conference hall and through which all delegates and visitors must pass ultra pacifistic literature including the horrible "slackers' oath" wherein spineless young men promise never to fight for their country even in its defense . . . ?

WE need hardly tell our readers, we take it, that these charges against the International Council of Women are as false as they are silly. The most interesting point about the document therefore is the news that R. M. Whitney has now been elevated to sainthood. Whitney, our readers will remember, was for a long time tied with S. Stanwood Menken for first place as the most preposterous of the professional witch hunters. He had a lively imagination, not inhibited by any degree of common sense, and at one time or another he had condemned as being tainted with pacifism nearly every prominent individual in the country not as troglodytic as himself. Several of his victims have brought suit for libel against the organization with which he was connected, and these cases are now pending. But to Mrs. Noble Potts the notion that Whitney might conceivably have been mistaken is evidently not within the bounds of possibility. His list is made, once and for all; and with no person on it—whether Dr. Charles W. Eliot, Percy Mackaye, Jane Addams, or anyone else—may the superpatriot have anything to do.

YOUNG man," said Arthur Brisbane once to a beginner in journalism, "whatever else you do, never lose your superficiality." The sageness of this advice is demonstrated every twelve months as May Day approaches. Year by year, most of the daily papers print solemn columns about the expected attempts at Communist revolutions in various countries—France, Italy, Great Britain, Germany and the United States being the ones most favored. Not so much as a whisper about these revolutions is ever heard earlier than April 28, or later than May 2, on which date the press seriously reports that none of them took place. How many years has the annual game been played? We don't remember; but we are willing to bet two lollipops, unused, that the headlines of 1926 will be just as big, black and fearsome as those of 1925, and just as silly.

CHAIRMAN O'Connor of the Shipping Board, with his proposal for a subsidy of $20 per man per month for American operators using Shipping Board vessels, has not solved the problem of creating an American merchant marine, though he has punctured the usual specious argument of the shipping interests as to why an American marine is difficult to create. The differential between American and British wages would be approximately covered by $20; the insignificant total of $6,000,000 annually would mop up this differential for 25,000 men. Grant that it would not be fully effective unless applied to all American vessels, grant that there are additional differentials in labor cost due to better quarters and subsistence on our ships. Double or triple the appropriation to cover these items, and still you have not enough difference in cost of operation, if spread over all the merchant vessels, to account for British supremacy. It is not high labor cost or the Seaman's Act which handicaps our shipping, but a combination of high capital costs, inexperience, lack of trade connections, lack of affiliated insurance and banking and exporting companies, geographical distribution of trade routes and the like. It would take a huge subsidy to oust the intrenched British interests under these circumstances, and the size of the subsidy would measure the immediate economic loss of doing so. Just what desirable end would be served by such a policy it is

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difficult to guess, unless we intend to become a top-heavy manufacturing nation dependent on foreign food supplies and raw materials, and intend then to have a war with Great Britain.

IF hereditary fortunes can justify themselves anywhere in the world, it is in England. Through the last centuries a myriad of British gentlemen of inherited means have devoted themselves gratuitously—and efficiently—to the public service. Inherited wealth has sustained many of the ablest contributors to the arts and sciences. It has played an important part in producing the amelioration of manners that has made Great Britain one of the most pleasant and civilized of modern countries. Nevertheless the nation as a whole has decided that these benefits come too dear, and has inaugurated a process for taxing the hereditary estate out of existence. While our own Mr. Mellon, in the first flush of the experience of riches, pleads passionately for the repeal of the estate taxes, the equally conservative but longer experienced British government launches a project for adding to the estate taxes rates sufficient to make up for whatever loss to the revenue may follow upon reduction in the surtaxes. It is about half a century since intelligent Britons espoused the ideas now held by Mr. Mellon. We are seldom more than a century behind the British in ideas. We may accordingly expect by 1975 to hear a Republican Secretary of the Treasury discourse intelligently on hereditary wealth.

IN that hardiest of all the Gilbert and Sullivan perennials, The Mikado, there is a song in which several people describe an imaginary execution. Each of course has seen only what he wished to: the pretty girl found the doomed man reconciled because he was permitted to gaze into her eyes, the aristocrat noted the respectful bow in his direction accomplished by the lopped-off head. One is reminded of these characters by the way in which the von Hindenburg election has been interpreted by various persons in the light of their predispositions. To the Paris Temps, the election "is a defiance of the Allies, Europe and America. The forces of reaction and brutal revenge can be seen behind him. Germany has thrown off the mask." To Senator Borah, however, the verdict at the polls "need not be regarded as necessarily disturbing." James W. Gerard thinks it "constitutes a menace to the peace of the world"; Charley Schwab, that it is "not likely to affect the settlement of reparations disputes."

THE New York Herald-Tribune finds Germany "again turns toward defiance, obstruction and isolation," though Secretary Mellon sees only "an indication that German public opinion wants stability and conservatism," is sure it does not mean "going back to a monarchical system," and on the whole believes it will "have a good effect in unification of the various forces in Germany under a strong man." The Chicago Tribune feels that "to the German voter the issue was largely one of the restoration of the monarchy" while the New York World sees "another sign of the decay of what may be called the Versailles system." Faced by such divided counsels as these, who can blame that interesting individual, the man in the street (who by the way would be well advised to take to the sidewalk, unless he wants to commit a motor suicide), if he drops the matter to concentrate on the really vital question of Babe Ruth's digestion?

SURGEON General Hugh S. Cumming has called a conference to decide whether tetraethyl gasoline is a menace to human life, as Dr. Yarndell Henderson and others say, or perfectly harmless, as is claimed by its manufacturers. This conference comes none too soon. The "leaded" gasoline was in use in ten or more states, until its sale was suspended on May 5. That tetraethyl fluid is dangerous is shown by the deaths of five men and the serious illness of thirty, engaged in its manufacture at the Standard Oil Company's plant at Baywater, N. J., last fall. Following this incident, an investigation was made by the U. S. Bureau of Mines, which was generally interpreted by press and public as giving the leaded gasoline a clean bill of health. That report has lately been criticized on the ground that it was paid for by the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation and was therefore hardly impartial. The men who made it have now come forward to say that it was only an interim report of progress, not intended to be in any way conclusive.

DOCTOR Henderson's position, which seems to have some support among scientific men, is that the leaded gasoline is a menace to the lives of all who come in contact with it in any form. The form of lead poisoning it produces is insidious and serious, beginning with nervous disorders and general debility, and going on to impotence, and sometimes chronic poisoning and death. These are charges too serious to be laid aside with anything less than a complete investigation by the most competent authorities. Not only is the leaded gasoline used to take the "knock" out of a motor, but in specially-built high-compression engines it gives a very much larger mileage to the gallon than is otherwise attainable. The economic argument in its favor is therefore tremendous. At the same time, if we are all to be murdered slowly in the course of the next few years for the sake of a little fuel economy, we should at least be accorded the privilege of undergoing the experience deliberately, with our eyes open.

MR. KOPP of Russia bids fair to become the Colonel Harvey of his country. Appointed Ambassador to Japan, he managed to get himself into at least one large tin tubful of hot water before he

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even landed in the Island Kingdom. Stopping off at Harbin, he made a speech to a friendly audience of Communists. We don't know what he actually said, but what trickled out to Japan was of a distressing character. The nice new treaty was to Moscow only a scrap of paper. It would be disregarded whenever such action suited Russia's plans. Recognition of Japan was only a device by which to get a good strategic position for an attack on the United States. This sort of thing made Mr. Kopp about as popular in Tokyo as it would in the Union League Club. So far as we can learn, he has not denied making the speech, though he has protested, a bit plaintively, that he thought he was talking confidentially just to a circle of friends.

JAPAN today is in the hands of the witch hunters. The wave of anti-radical hysteria has reached a peak which must make A. Mitchell Palmer's mouth water. An extraordinarily drastic new law has been passed "for the maintenance of public order and peace." As summarized in the New York Evening World, it provides

> a maximum imprisonment of ten years for anyone who forms or joins a group with the object of altering the national constitution or the overthrow of private property rights; seven years for conviction of discussing matters of the same character; and the same term for conviction of instigating another to perform such acts. The contribution or receipt of money for these purposes is punishable by five years' imprisonment.

Such a law in the United States, strictly interpreted, would have put in peril the members of the Anti-saloon League, or the proponents of the child labor amendment to the federal Constitution. The Japanese Minister for Home Affairs has explained that Communist propaganda is widespread, systematic, and financed abroad. In fact, it is openly admitted that the new law is intended as an antidote to the treaty with Russia. Under the circumstances, Mr. Kopp's ability to say the wrong thing at the wrong time is more than an achievement: it's a gift, and probably hereditary in his family for many generations.

Peace by Negotiation

THE reception outside of France of the news of von Hindenburg's election as President of the German Republic foreshadows one encouraging improvement in the attitude of public opinion. Almost for the first time since the War an evident disposition exists to treat Germany with some consideration and justice. It would have been easy and plausible to consider von Hindenburg's election as a proof of the undiminished survival in Germany of the Prussianism which, according to the official propaganda, the Allies fought the War to destroy; and, of course, almost the whole of the French press and a certain part of the American have placed this interpretation upon it. But outside of France, comparatively few commentators have tried to revive the war cries and the fears of 1918. There has been a general disposition to recognize that, considering the sufferings of the German people under the Republic and the memories of vanished prestige and glory which von Hindenburg's name symbolized, the German people showed unusual self-control and good sense in polling a majority of the ballots against their one military hero. Germans are now by way of being treated as human beings rather than as essential and irretrievable miscreants.

This alteration in the attitude of public opinion will have one serious consequence of which the French will do well to take notice. It will be increasingly impossible in the future, as it has been since the Armistice, to treat the Germans as outlaws and to condemn them to a Purgatory in which everything which they do, except to repent and to pay up, is wrong. The Treaty of Versailles inflicted this condition upon them. It declared them to be criminally responsible for the War; it deprived them like condemned criminals of any means of self-defense or any protection of the law; and it imposed on them penalties which it was psychologically and physically impossible for them to perform. Hitherto American and British public opinion, while it has occasionally exhibited scruples and misgivings about the more brutal aspects of the business, such as the invasion of the Ruhr, has either connived at it, disregarded its lawlessness or actually supported it. But, manifestly, the French cannot count on the continuation of this connivance. Germany is, in the eyes of most of her former enemies, emerging from the status of congenital suspect and outlaw. They are willing to concede that Germans act from ordinary human motives and are entitled to the benefit of those minimum rights which all systems of public law are supposed to grant to the humblest individuals and to corporations without souls.

The result will be a slow but sure alteration of the present political complexion of Europe. The recognition of Germany as a member of comparatively good standing in the society of nations will not only prevent, we trust, a repetition of the outrageous treatment to which she has been steadily subjected since 1919, but it must, in so far as it obtains the reality of a conviction, correct the chief fault of the Treaty of Versailles. The essential vice of that treaty was that it forced the German people to promise the performance of future impossibilities in order to avoid starvation. In spite of the fact that its execution called for colossal and prolonged sacrifices on their part, it was imposed on them practically without consultation. The degree of dictation was tantamount to the impairment

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of their independence. While nominally recognizing their national sovereignty, it really deprived them as completely of any control over their immediate future as if it had actually confined them in jail. A change in the attitude towards Germany, if it is to be real, must reverse this method of dictation and gradually undo its work. It must assist and encourage the Germans to negotiate a settlement of the issues of the War in which a self-respecting people, even if vanquished, can loyally participate.

In undertaking to substitute a negotiated for a dictated peace, Germany occupies a peculiar and unprecedented position, and the success or failure of her efforts will deserve careful scrutiny on the part of political moralists. She combines the population, the area, the responsibilities, the industry and psychology of a great nation with the effective military power of a small nation. According to the traditional diplomatic rules, she is bargaining under a hopeless handicap. When it comes to a final and decisive difference of opinion, she is unable to resist an ultimatum, and, consequently, is obliged to yield. In this respect she is no better off than she was in May, 1919. She would appear to be as powerless to obtain a reversal of her sentence now or in the future as she was to obtain its mitigation six years ago. She has nothing to bargain with except the reasonableness of her case, and heretofore she has never been allowed even to plead at the bar until a decision had already been rendered against her by her conquerors.

Although Germany continues to occupy this extremely weak position, her military impotence itself, when accompanied by economic and moral strength, is not without its negotiable value. Even under the Treaty of Versailles she is beginning to enjoy certain valuable rights such as the progressive evacuation of German territory and the control of her own tariffs, but apart from these legal resources, her inability to wage war and protect herself against invasion can be and is being turned to some account. She has proposed in her very desperation a bargain with France and Great Britain which is so self-denying and so reasonable that it will be extremely difficult to refuse. Germany is willing to guarantee the existing frontier between herself and France, to reaffirm the clauses of the Treaty of Versailles which demilitarize the Rhineland, to abandon war as an instrument of national policy and presumably to sign a commercial treaty with France. All that she asks in return is the retirement from the Ruhr, the evacuation of the Rhineland as provided by the treaty, a guarantee against another invasion of the Ruhr and the right to raise in the future before a court of arbitration the question of her eastern frontiers. She asks, that is, the same kind of security that a small people like the Swiss have been guaranteed by the public law of Europe. She wishes to have some legal protection against the violence of her armed neighbors—a violence from which she has already suffered and which the French government under the Treaty of Versailles claims the right to repeat.

Sooner or later France under pressure from the rest of Europe and America must recognize the justice of this German demand. It is fantastic to deny to a numerous, industrious and orderly people, surrounded by armed and aggressive neighbors, the right and power of self-defense without at the same time safeguarding them against military violation. So long as such protection is denied, the continent of Europe will be bereft of any assurance of law and order. Of two alternatives one. Either Germany must be allowed to arm, or else Europe must become a place in which a disarmed but thrifty and economically powerful nation is assured of legal protection against oppression and violation. The League of Nations, creature as it is of the Treaty of Versailles and dependent on France, has been unable to safeguard against military violence the one country in Europe which needed it most. For that reason it has been impotent to appease the prophetic fear of so many European observers that the Continent is drifting irresistibly towards another Armageddon.

The safety of Europe depends on the successful outcome of the efforts which Germans are now making to negotiate peace. Its people will never recover hope, self-confidence and renewed energy unless they can bring to an end the reign of violence initiated by the Treaty of Versailles and substitute a reign of conference, mutual consideration and negotiation. The treaty established in the public law of Europe an artificially one-sided distribution of political power and an essentially unstable relationship among its several states. The victors not only denied to the vanquished the benefit of those principles in the name of which they had fought and won the War, but they proposed to force on the vanquished a permanent inferiority and insecurity of status which was bound subsequently to result in oppression, disorder or both. In so far as there is any tendency to reconsider and revise this settlement and substitute less onerous and more contingent requirements for its absolute commands and prohibitions (as, for instance, in the case of the Dawes plan) the outlook is promising and confidence is coming back. But in so far as the dictatorship remains unimpaired and the prospects for its relaxation gloomy, as it is in so many other respects, the outlook for any revival of confidence and order in Europe is profoundly dubious. But one truth is clear. Germany is pointing the way. She is trying to lead public opinion in the Allied countries back to an honest attempt to practice the principles of international fair play which they have preached so vaingloriously, but which under the illusion of victory they have betrayed so flagrantly and so disastrously. Whether or not she will succeed will depend to a considerable extent on public opinion in America.

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Why Babies Die

PEOPLE who are sufficiently simple always suppose that babies are the gift of God, a gift revocable at any time at His pleasure. "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord." As we grow more sophisticated we realize that whether or not the Lord giveth, the taking away is far from being the result of Divine impulse alone. Babies die because of a complicated set of factors, a number of which can be brought under human control. In so far as any society can choose its own conditions, a nation or a city can decide whether it will bring a large number of babies into the world merely for the purpose of keeping the grave diggers busy. It can choose whether one-half of all the children born shall die within their first year, as is the case in many parts of China, or one-fourth, as was the case in Russia and Hungary in the last "normal" pre-war year, or one in twenty as in the United States, or one in twenty-seven, the record in New Zealand.

The proportion of your babies which you allow to die is, of course, a factor of great importance in the growth of population, and all the resultant economic, diplomatic and military consequences. If France, for example, were foolish enough really to want a rapidly growing population, she could attain it by merely taking the trouble to reduce her abnormally high death rate, and without increasing her birth rate. The latter is not particularly low: it is only smaller than that of the United States by about three births per thousand persons per annum. The great disparity comes in the death rate, larger than ours by about six per thousand per annum, and larger than Germany's by about three.

The first careful and extended investigation of why babies die has recently been made by the United States Government. Dr. Robert M. Woodbury, of the Children's Bureau, Department of Labor, has examined the deaths occurring among 23,000 children in eight widely scattered cities. The families represented include rich, poor, and every grade between; Americans and foreign born; white and colored. Doctor Woodbury's report, Causal Factors in Infant Mortality, just published by the Bureau, is a gold mine of facts about infant mortality and its various causes.

One of the notions which ought to be badly shaken by this investigation is the good old theory that mother love, or the mother's instinct, is the best of all rules for infant welfare. The mother's instinct, for example, does not prevent Portuguese women living in America from feeding their newborn children softened crackers, which helps to make their death rate more than twice as high as that among children of American mothers in the cities where this study was made (200.3 per thousand births, as against 93.8). Even the rate among the native-born is about 80 percent higher than that among Jewish women resident in this country, which is 53.5—a difference probably due in large part to the greater prevalence of bottle-feeding among the native population. Jewish children have the best chance of all of surviving, and after them come, in this order, children of native white stock, Germans, Italians, other foreign-born, colored races (which includes Chinese and Japanese), Polish, French Canadian and Portuguese. The average death rate for the eight cities was 111.2 per thousand births.

What are the factors which produce infant mortality? On the basis of the studies made, Doctor Woodbury discusses a number of them. He verifies the general assumption that breast-fed babies are more likely to survive than those on an artificial diet. Girls have a somewhat better chance to survive than boys. The second baby in a family has a slightly higher expectation than the first, but thereafter the chance of survival diminishes with each additional child; the more brothers and sisters you have, the greater the likelihood that you will die before your first birthday. This is a partial answer to optimists of the Arthur Brisbane school, who are fond of naming great men who were the eleventh or fourteenth child in their respective families, and pointing out that under a birth control system the world would have lost their services. Families as large as this do produce occasional great men; but they also produce a very much larger proportionate number of little white coffins than do smaller ones.

As might be expected, the more frequent the births, the greater is the mortality rate. If the mother should die during the baby's first year, the chance is four times as great that the child will also die. Premature births greatly increase the infant mortality rate; and the same is true when the mother is less than twenty, or more than forty years of age.

Greatest of all these determining factors, however, is the economic position of the family, as determined by the father's earning power. When that is low, no combination of other good factors prevents a sharp increase in the mortality rate. When the family is well to do, all other factors making for high death rate may be faced with comparative impunity. This difference is reflected in half a dozen ways. It is shown strikingly when stated in terms of housing, where poverty means overcrowding. The infant death rate where the family is forced to live two in a room or more is *two and a half times* as high as that in homes which average more than one room to each person. If mothers work at home during pregnancy the infant death rate is larger by sixteen per thousand births than if they do no work; if they work outside the home, the number of deaths per thousand is larger by seventy-eight. Even after several other adverse factors have been discounted, the likelihood of death during the first year is 40 percent higher if the mother is obliged to work outside the home—which is interesting when we remember that not far from 10,000,000 women are now gainfully employed in the United States.

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The correlation between high mortality and actual low earnings by the father is the clearest of all. This comparison (based on what the father really earned, and not on any hypothetical annual wage rate) shows that the number of deaths is almost three times as high when the father's income is $450 or less, as when it is $1250 or more (166.9 as compared to 59.1). The disparity would doubtless be greater still were it not for the fact that in the higher income group breast-feeding of infants is much less common, and that, other things being equal, a bottle-fed child is from three to four times as likely to die.

That poverty means a high death rate is no great news, to be sure, though it is important to have it thus given unquestionable scientific proof. Doctor Woodbury does not go into the equally interesting question of the effect of these conditions on the children who manage to stay alive. It is the fashion of Americans to say comfortably that poverty is good for children: that it exerts a discipline which helps develop a rugged character, and that early denial makes one enjoy the good things of life all the more when they are attained (it is characteristic of our national psychology that we say "when" and not "if"). It is true, certainly, that when poverty and the accompanying ignorance take an excess toll of ten lives for every hundred births, above the five deaths resulting from all other causes combined, it is the children with sturdier constitutions who survive. But how satisfactorily do they survive? How many of them die after the age of one year, but before becoming adults, or shortly thereafter? And of those who do not die, how many come anywhere near approximating the standard of useful citizenship suggested by the phrase, a sound mind in a sound body? These are highly interesting, unanswered questions, to which it is no reply at all to cite the case of an occasional highly exceptional individual who has fought his way up from dire poverty to a distinguished personal success in the arts, a profession or business—a success impossible under any circumstances to the average man.

The truth is, of course, our patriotic orators who expatiate on the value of poverty as an early background do not mean poverty at all. They mean farm and village life as these existed in the United States a generation ago. Under such conditions many families were reared successfully when the money income was extremely limited; but this did not usually mean the sort of deprivation connoted by the city poverty studied by Doctor Woodbury. Food was plentiful and nourishing; clothing, while rough, was adequate; fresh air, sunlight, outdoor recreation were common to all, and the educational opportunities, while perhaps limited, were open to rich and poor alike. Nothing could be more foolish than to go on making generalizations based on these conditions, and applying them to the lives of people who live under circumstances bearing no resemblance to them.

The New Inflation

THERE has been a considerable flurry in the press about the peril of the installment plan. What is there of any importance which people do not buy nowadays at so much down and so much a week? Long ago it began, in an elementary form, with houses. Book agents and traveling vendors of kitchen utensils have from time immemorial exploited the deferred payment. Grocerymen, butchers, and dry-goods stores have informally accepted the same scheme for years. A considerable part of the population has always been in debt and in danger; what more hoary tragedy than foreclosure of the farm mortgage? But every new invention increases the temptation of the weak-minded. You can buy your house, furnish it, have it painted, buy your car, your wife's stove, refrigerator, washing-machine and vacuum cleaner, your daughter's talking-machine and fur coat, your son's radio outfit, and the family book—all on carefully calculated easy payments. And at the end of the process you can find your income automatically allotted to your creditors, as if you were a pauper cropper always months behind the game, or a Congo negro enslaved by debts to a rubber planter.

On about 500,000 of the automobiles sold in 1923, fifty of the largest finance companies extended credits amounting to $281,079,250. If all the automobile deferred payments were known, they may easily have amounted to four times that much, or over a billion dollars. Out of 556 retailers of furniture reporting to the Federal Trade Commission, only thirteen did a strictly cash business. Retail values of furniture sold in 1923 were about $1,300,000,000. At least 60 percent of this, or nearly $800,000,000 was probably in the form of deferred payments. Over $2,000,000,000 worth of electrical appliances and supplies were sold in 1923, and half of them may easily have been on credit. Unfortunately these are only the roughest of estimates, and information about other classes of purchases is not readily available. In these three groups of deferred payment alone, however, we have a probable total of $2,800,000,000. Assuming that the national income was as large as $60,000,000,000, and that 20 percent of this was "saved," or reinvested in new capital, there was a remainder of $48,000,000,000 spent by consumers. The partial payment credits listed above would be over 5 percent of this total—and they do not include mortgage payments on houses or farms, not to mention minor forms of indebtedness.

The common complaint is that tying up the income of the people for current purchases interferes with thrift and prevents saving. Sad cases are exhibited of persons who have promised to pay every week to collectors more than their weekly wage-envelope contains. We are not much impressed by this aspect of the matter. There are such unfortunates; there have been for many years; they are

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deplorable victims of the impact of a sanguine nature with high-pressure salesmanship. But there is little evidence that there is any lack of saving in general. The accumulation of capital goes on apace. Productive enterprises find investors and enlarge their capacity faster than we can absorb what they make. The total of savings bank deposits, of life insurance premium payments, of building loan savings, rolls up without interruption. And when one comes to think of it, there is little chance that the installment plan could bankrupt a whole population, since it is in a measure self-correcting. When the weekly payment ceases, back goes the piano to the dealer; the obligation is canceled; the seller has both his stock and a handsome profit, while the would-be buyer has learned a bitter but wholesome lesson. If anyone is made bankrupt, it is the dealer with too large an inventory.

The danger to the general welfare is more roundabout and subtle than any lack of saving. It arises from the deceptive elasticity of credit as an instrument of economic processes. We are familiar with this phenomenon in the world of business enterprise. Credit is a useful means of carrying on business; if firms had to buy for cash everything they need, most of them would be unnecessarily hampered. But there is a limit to the amount of credit that can be safely issued. When business gets going at too rapid a pace, when it overestimates its future sales and profits, credit begins to expand unwholesomely, prices rise, and too large a structure of financial obligations is erected on the existing foundation of the consumers' limited purchasing power. A collapse of trade and heavy losses are in prospect. We call this economic disease inflation, and the more enlightened bankers and business men, after the disastrous experience of 1920, are trying to avoid it in the future.

But the unlimited extension of credit to individual purchasers introduces the possibility of a still wider margin of variation in indebtedness, and one much more difficult to control. Here we can more easily see the process in its elementary aspect of the production and consumption of material goods. New inventions, better processes, additional investment, rapidly enlarge the productive capacity of the factories. The wages and salaries of the town employes and the earnings of farmers do not expand as rapidly as physical productivity. The people at large cannot buy for cash all the things offered for sale. Intense competition arises to garner the consumer's dollar; competition not merely among factories in the same industry but among various industries. People now have to buy not merely bread, meat, shelter, clothing, shoes and stockings, but automobiles, washing-machines, radios, and a thousand other new necessities. They pinch all they can on the immediate essentials to respond to the new sales appeals. But they cannot pinch enough all at once, and so the process of "breaking down sales resistance" turns to the easy-payment plan and discounts the future. Very well, this year I pledge my income for months ahead to purchase immediately the things I want. I do not pledge more than I can pay; I even save something. Still, I cannot repeat the process next year because I am still paying for the things I have already bought. New purchasers must be found. But there is an end to new purchasers. There is an end to the expansion of personal credit. The factories geared up to satisfy all our needs in one year, plus the new factories which expect to exploit us, may come to a year when they must slow down because they cannot extend more credit. The growth of trade has been artificially speeded up faster than the growth of popular purchasing power; personal credit is inflated; there may be a crash.

This process hastens itself by increasing waste, increasing prices and hence reducing the net total of purchasing power. When I buy on credit, I have to pay interest which I do not pay when I buy for cash. The effort to get me to buy an increasing number of things, and to collect what I pledge, involves huge expense in advertising, salesmen, clerks, bookkeepers, collectors. It is also easier to enlarge the profit margin when I do not have to pay everything down. Furniture dealers doing three-fourths or more of their total business on credit made 23.4 percent on their investment in 1920, those selling from one-half to three-quarters on credit made 19.6 percent, and those selling less than half on credit made 17.8 percent. So the increased productive capacity of the nation is largely consumed in additional waste rather than in additional welfare.

Eventually business must face the necessity of increasing general purchasing power as fast as it increases its production. It cannot depend on temporary expedients such as advertising, salesmanship, and the expansion of credit. It must eventually raise wages or lower prices or both. Sometime, if we are to avoid the boom-depression cycle, there must be a working adjustment between new investment and new popular income, between profits and wages. There must be an adequate and progressive distribution of the benefits of mechanical civilization.

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Fullerton and Philosophy

THE tragic death of George Stuart Fullerton brings reflections on his career and brilliant gifts and on the subject of philosophy, as conceived today, which he taught in universities and colleges. Fullerton was a man of extraordinary intellectual and personal power. First of all, as a teacher.

My memory goes back to the evenings when a group of students of the University of Pennsylvania gathered in his study, a group interesting in itself, several of whom bore family names interwoven with the history of Philadelphia and destined in their persons to be further distinguished: William Newbold, James Montgomery, George Wharton Pepper. It was a volunteer class, unofficial, with no seminar-table, no notes. Fullerton sat there by the green lamp (which often figured in his illustrations) a man of medium size or less, crippled in one leg, and limited in health and nervous force, yet always in some sort indescribably strong; strong in his fine Scotch face with its somewhat high cheek-bones and trimmed mustache, strong in his fine Scotch voice in spite of its quietness—by no means a nasal or brassy voice but somehow not far from those tones, with a vibrant and resonant quality peculiarly agreeable to the ear—strong in his complete command of himself and his subject, in his confident and contagious smile and laugh.

His method was all his own. When any question or proposition in philosophy was launched he at once took its chief terms one by one and asked where we got that idea, from what experiences, what facts actually presented themselves in our lives to exemplify it. By what had grown to be an instinct of his mind he brought all abstractions back to the concrete. He took hold of any formula, however popular and taken for granted, with the tongs, and, while he held it thus, made us look at our daily experience in the matter with a fresh, awakened observation; and the results were startling and stimulating. He gave a bracing elementary discipline to the mind, and set it free from the slovenly assumptions of popular philosophy.

Disputants are prone to take the terms for granted and question about the things. Fullerton pounced upon the terms; he stood at the entrance of the mind and watched narrowly everything that came in. Just as narrowly he watched logic, and was in his quiet manner one of the keenest of destructive critics. Like Socrates he asked questions, like Socrates he wanted your judgment on the soundness of each step of his argument, like Socrates he sought definitions—in a sense; but unlike Socrates he asked, not "What is so-and-so?" but "What do you *mean* when you say so and so?" "What exactly have you in mind, in point of fact?" "When do we experience facts of that sort?" "What do they consist in as they really come to us?" Over all played his rich humor and anecdotes. There was often a spice of "psychic research," mediums, ghost-stories, and their exposure, choice samples of human credulity, or again hypnotism. On a few occasions he hypnotized men for an object-lesson.

Another scene I recall was at the Chestnut Street Theatre where a well-known mind-reader was giving an afternoon performance, and whither Fullerton with a group of us had gone at our request. He was made one of "the committee," and of course became its leading member. I see him now, having tied the mind-reader's head in an old-fashioned green cloth "lawyer's bag," led hastily about the stage, orchestra, and balcony by that wizard, as he darted with his hand on Fullerton's arm to find the object Fullerton had had hidden, which after a little was unearthed, with great applause, in a proscenium-box. Fullerton, thrust into this prominence, lame, throwing back his body a little at each step as always to heave forward the half-paralyzed leg, was none the less cool, keenly observant, master of the situation; and though he spared the performer at the time, afterwards explained the trick to us fully. That was one side of his function in life, to explain tricks, including the unconscious tricks of philosophers and those our own minds play upon us. He was at that time, together with Weir Mitchell and H. H. Furness of the Variorum Shakespeare, one of the Seybert Commission for the investigation of spiritualism.

Again I see him at the Philosophical Club of New York after he came to Columbia, the whole table listening to his brilliant talk, and again hear his laugh, genial but with a touch of unconscious reserve, for Fullerton's enjoyment was always his own and only partly shared. These occasions were few, for owing to his health he took long leaves of absence and was living chiefly at Munich, where he delighted in hospitality and had a large circle of warm friends. There he remained continuously through the War, the privations of which told severely upon him.

He was made for activity and vigor, but at the age of fifteen infantile paralysis had attacked him and deprived him for life of free exercise, a deprivation which more and more undermined his health. Severe illness followed the War and for a time recently he was in a sanitarium. There had always been a pessimistic and tragic undercurrent in his nature. Before the final act he wrote an affectionate letter to his wife, who had been the mainstay of his life for many years, to say that he had just had a hallucination, that his mind was about to give way: "better a dead husband than a mad husband."

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Fullerton the author was Fullerton the teacher over again. The exploits of British philosophy, that of Locke, Berkeley, Hume, and the rest, have consisted in somewhat startling analyses of substance, knowledge, abstract ideas, matter, cause, the self, the basis of morals, etc. These philosophers themselves have been in two minds as to how they should regard their own analyses; whether as destructive, proving that what we had assumed did not exist, or as merely analytical, leaving it undisturbed in existence but giving a new insight into its nature. Mr. Santayana criticizes this philosophy as though the first of these were the only tendency; he accuses the British philosophers of "malicious psychology," that is, of psychologically explaining human assumptions in order to discredit them. But in fact the other attitude, not sceptical or destructive, but purely explanatory, is all the while there.

Fullerton's importance lay in this, that while he really had his place in the line of the same philosophy, experience-philosophy, he dismisses one of these tendencies and enthrones the other. Turning away from formulas, he did not formulate his own method. But perhaps it could be formulated as *analysis versus scepticism*.

A brilliant example is seen in his treatment of freedom and determination. Of course, we are free in willing, he says, that is a fact of experience; but the analysis of this very fact involves determinism. There has never been any clash between freedom and determination at all. The whole controversy has been based on a failure to analyze thoroughly, on the crudity with which certain formulas have been brandished. Precisely so with the problem of the external world. Fullerton began very near to Berkeleyan idealism, but throwing away more and more its negative or destructive side and dwelling merely upon the analysis of our experience of matter, he stoutly affirms natural realism and pronounces subjectivism the merest crudity. Moreover, he applies a similar analysis to time, with striking results.

Again, I remember as a student encountering him in a corridor and asking what he thought of Hume's "sceptical doubts" about the validity of reasoning from the past to the future, Hume's idea that we could not *rationally* know or expect that because a thing had happened it would happen in the same circumstances again. Fullerton answered in a sentence or two: "The argument from past experience is what we *mean* by a good argument, a good reason. It's what we *mean* by rationality." I cannot help thinking this a masterly flash. It turns scepticism into analysis. So again as to Hume's destructive treatment of the self or soul which in Taine's rendering caused Michelet to exclaim, "I have lost my *moi!*"

In all such cases Fullerton went deeper. We have the idea, that is plain; from where did we get it, of what elements given to us in our experience is it composed? If the thing in question does not exist how could we ever have come by the idea? Our task then is simply to find out what it means and always has essentially meant to us. Analysis does not destroy the thing analyzed; it only affords us a closer insight into its nature. If after the analysis we feel estranged from the old familiar thing, *that proves a shallowness in the analysis*. The terms have been in some degree too stiff and crude for their subject. He proceeded in these things with independence and originality. His chief positions cannot be set forth here, and have never received the attention they deserve.

Why did they not? Because of his manner of writing. The writer was the teacher over again in mission and contribution, but not in immediate effectiveness. His style was admirable, but, distrusting the formulas of professional controversy, he avoided them. And professionals looking into his pages often hardly knew what to make of him and were tempted to let him alone. It was easy to see what he was so carefully talking about, but not just where he came out on their own maps.

When A System of Metaphysics appeared, William James, always ready with intellectual sympathy, wrote (I quote from memory): "I have read it through, but really cannot see whether Fullerton thinks that the external world is in mente or extra mentem." Fullerton would have said that he did not place it under either category, for he distrusted them, and the purpose of his book was to go deeper and explain how they arose. He felt that the problem was not being solved because the terms were wrong. Thoroughly characteristic was his early pamphlet On Sameness and Identity, devoted to the humble task of noting the several senses in which the words "same" and "identical" are legitimately used, and how profound errors arise in philosophy from not noticing the difference. Nothing can be more tonic for philosophy, but such analysis lacks the allurement of innovating and sweeping theory.

In his chief work he was not given to summaries, upon which the reader could fasten, being loath to pin the fortunes of his meaning to a few abstract phrases.

In philosophical meetings he spoke, if at all, in a tone of quiet reason and courtesy, but with some reserve, caring little to intervene in debate. He would have felt it necessary to begin too far back and come forward too cautiously. He did not see his philosophy as one of the contestants in the present arena, and would not do it the injustice of letting it appear so. It was a pity; Fullerton was an unsurpassed controversialist, and could have rendered wider aid to clear thinking in that capacity.

If we ask what was his broadest service, we must answer, To awaken the conscience of the mind, to

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teach a fine accuracy, that is, a fine truth, whether in observing or in reasoning. Now the most momentous application of this is in the management of life. There it is that we most need the power to see things as they are and foresee them as they will be, to penetrate the tricks of plausible appearance and fancied impossibility by which life perpetually misleads us; the power to steer accurately because we think accurately.

What a strange light is cast upon philosophy as so generally pursued today by a life and death such as Fullerton's! One-half of true philosophy is practical philosophy or ethics (which happened not to be the side of his chief work or interest) whose business is to grapple with the question, how to secure wellbeing for all or as many as possible, how to reach the actual causes of wretchedness and calamity and master them, both in social life and personal life, how to check, for instance, the forces that cripple and plunge in gloom and prematurely end a career such as his. Yet the minds of many authors of ethical treatises would be considerably jolted by the thought that they should focus the general conscience on such tasks as mastering infantile paralysis or teaching its victim how by cleverly adapted arts and games of physical exercise to keep his vitality in spite of fate. To point out our duty in relation to such a situation seems beneath the dignity of their science.

Much of our ethical philosophy is dreaming in the moonlight. What has it to do with the rope, the hook and the closet of that ghastly morning? It is little interested in the actual guidance of life and ministration to it, in what to do and how to live; it leaves that to the feelings and chance thinkings of the individual, while it treats of "the realm of ends," "the development of hedonistic theories," "intention and motive," "utilitarianism," "perfectionism," and the rest; honest subjects all for intellectual disentanglement and for philosophic contemplation, but taking us for the purposes of ethics but a very little way. It is playing metaphysics while Rome is burning. Of course there are saving exceptions, such as the philosophic leadership of Mr. John Dewey. One may respectfully suggest The Realm of Means, which has also to be scanned before a single duty can be determined. Perhaps the writers look to their reader for that patient and consistent application of their all too abstract formulas to life which they themselves as writers (and it is easier in writing than in life) will not undertake.

There are such maxims as "It is not the business of ethics to make people good." It is not the business of any practical study to make us do something but it is its business to show us how to do it. Or again "Principles will never go all the way; intuition is needed to guide us in life." True, but principles should go as far as they can, and they can render priceless aid; they can often come to our succor. Yet how idle to rest on the abstract word principle, when what we mean is that people should be brought to see what are the real causes of misery and the real causes of wellbeing, and what are therefore the real centres of morality, which unfortunately their "intuition" does not sufficiently tell them, and on which the ethical teaching of our day has left the student's mind, as regards daily life, in a state of vagueness and disorder, almost abandoned to his ethical likes, dislikes and oblivions. By dint of omission it has left us one and all exposed to a kind of infantile paralysis of our potential faculty for snapping the bonds of mental habit, and grappling vigorously with life.

The student sees the teacher and the treatise-writer fly a kite of philosophic theory far up in a blue sky of idealism, but even if he is fascinated he cannot trace the connection with what he is to do next upon the earth.

What he needs is to be practiced, through cases, in clear-headed moral decision, following cause and effect, and deciding in all previously doubtful instances accordingly. It is because ethical theory is so divorced from action that such deep divergences of view can prevail in it and teachings survive that could not live a day under the test of thoroughly awakened application. The philosopher is too often writing much as he apparently expects his readers to live, by his sympathies and antipathies, his loves and hates, and not by any test of result at all.

Now granted first the aim or objective of ethics, the wellbeing of all, everything else in it is natural science, a study of the consequences of acts. The fixed code of elementary morals is fixed because its unhesitating observance is necessary for the common wellbeing. But, for the same reason, that code must be intelligently extended, because the observance of the present fragmentary code proves not enough to bring that wellbeing. Philosophy, because of its divorce from action, has not succeeded in carrying into general culture even the idea that morality *has* a purpose by which it is to be shaped and measured, and that if it does not accomplish this purpose it has failed in its reason for existing. Much less has philosophy made the cultivated public see the need for the conscience of the mind, the obligation to use the most accurate intelligence as the means of accomplishing this purpose, and hence it has done almost nothing to engage the force of public opinion on behalf of this obligation.

Ethics, as we have seen, was not the sphere of Fullerton's absorbing work and interest. His little Handbook of Ethical Theory, published in 1922, is an able and eminently impartial treatment of first principles, which, however, does not depart from the tradition in question. Had his interest turned that way, how brilliantly could his passion for bringing every abstraction back to the concrete have been brought to bear on the philosophy of life!

DICKINSON S. MILLER.

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Mr. Coolidge's America

I

A CLOUD no bigger than a man's hand and backed like a weasel has appeared on Mr. Coolidge's horizon. It is the duty of any patriot who has discerned the evil portent to send out storm warnings. The danger is definable and can be escaped.

An insidious propaganda has been started against our President. There are actually men going about saying in whispers that Mr. Coolidge will be through after his third term; that he will be opposed for his fourth and fifth terms. Now is the time for the President's friends to rally to the standard. Forewarned is forearmed. Mr. Coolidge's third term will expire March 4, 1931. The spring and summer of 1930 preceding the time of his election in November will be the time of crisis for him. His opponents (be it said in sorrow by any patriotic American that he has opponents) are preparing for it; his friends should not be laggards in counteracting the subtle poison now beginning to be spread. When our hero has safely passed the perils of 1930 (and I hope I exaggerate them) his path should be clear before him. He will have taken the presidency out of politics, out of the turmoil and confusion of the quadrennial scramble for it.

At this moment in our history, in this phase of our progress toward the millenium, President Coolidge in his own person sums up all our national aspirations and ideals. He is the mind and heart and soul and longings of America incarnate. He satisfies the country. He satisfies himself. He wears without constraint or question the bright lustre of Perfection the mythmakers have bestowed upon him in their eager imaginings.

Now certain low-minded evil fellows are waiting a favorable chance to strip the gilt off the gingerbread. They cannot quite get their courage up to the sticking point of questioning this great man's right to a third term, but they will go as far as they dare by their miasmic methods to create an atmosphere of distrust and discontent preceding the time of making a choice for the fourth term.

It is not the Democrats who are involved in this hateful undertaking. Even with their inordinate and apparently unslaked capacity for taking a licking, they know when they have had enough. Undoubtedly they will make the usual pro forma nominations and demonstrations in 1928 and 1930, but in the bright lexicon of their experience there is no such word as hope. They know too well what happens when an irresistible force meets a movable body. It takes ten scars to make a man, but one catastrophe can make a ruin.

Nor is it that other group made up of independents, "forward-looking men," liberals—whatever you choose to call them, who are opposing a fourth term. This little company of Mad Hatters is willing to fight rattlesnakes and give the rattler the first two bites. It does not lack courage, but in the present state of a static world it is a negligible minority. It deserves no consideration and will receive none. It is made up for the most part of people who do not believe that this is the best possible country in the best possible world, and who desire to reshape this sorry scheme entire, and remold it nearer to the heart's desire. Which is obviously absurd.

II

No, my fellow freemen and burghers, it is not from either of these negligible minority groups that the poisonous propaganda comes, but from certain impatient elements of big business, the commercial and industrial intelligentsia, and from an element in Congress. It is these two groups who are the discontented dangerous factor and of whom Coolidge must beware. They have set impossible standards for him. They expect him "to deliver the goods." It is a preposterous expectation. Apparently they have not examined or understood Mr. Coolidge's long record in public life. He has never dealt with crises and emergencies; he has never met them. That is not his way. Always he has had engagements elsewhere.

Mr. Coolidge is an old-fashioned man and a reader of history. He knows there would have been no Twelve Decisive Battles if one side or the other had gone quietly away and left the other side alone. Napoleon would not have met his Waterloo if he had gone somewhere else. What could be simpler? Mr. Coolidge has noted in his deep still way that crises and emergencies are caused by a clash between opposing groups. Avoid the clash and you avoid the crisis. Unseemly critics have taunted our great figure with being ineffectual, conveniently overlooking the circumstance that the charge lies against him only when he has met opposition. He is as effective as anybody when he is not opposed. How can a man of his talents properly be effective in this modern, rushing, restless, changing world, always crying, "Action, action, action" or "Do something, do something, do something"?

But the sound heart of the country knows that its ideal will not be moved out of his ancient ways by clamor. He showed his millions of admirers and believers in the Warren episode, as he has shown before, that an emergency evaporates if you walk away from it.

The only newspaper criticism Mr. Coolidge has

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had to suffer is from the spokesmen of these business interests. When Warren failed of confirmation in the Senate, America's ideal and foremost citizen was told that he had "sorely disappointed his best friends" and that his eminently characteristic performance in that whole episode justified his enemies in "grinning with delight." On the contrary it hasn't touched Mr. Coolidge as an ideal in the hearts of his countrymen. I know, for I have been among them with a listening ear.

I can point with pride to my status as one of Mr. Coolidge's most detached and disinterested observers. Willie Hoppe never gave closer scrutiny to the behavior of a billiard ball than I have given to the President. Study of the beloved figure has become an avocation with me. Lately I have spent three months in a leisurely journey to the Pacific Coast and back again. This took me through some seventeen states. I kept my eyes open for signs and portents. Because I hailed from Washington many of the people I met talked about Coolidge and the public business. Among themselves national affairs are never, at this juncture, discussed or even thought about. It was only courtesy to a stranger and the desire to talk about something that the casual visitor might be interested in and possibly understand that brought the subject to the surface. I ask permission to report my findings.

III

Deep peace broods over the continental domain. Contentment to the saturation point with things as they are is a visible phenomenon. On the smiling surface everybody is contented. Mr. Coolidge's secure hold on the confidence and esteem and trust of the plain people of the hills and the valleys is not to be exaggerated. In the present posture of events and in their existing mood and state of mind he exactly suits them. I never saw anything like it.

Roosevelt when he was at the top of his stride held his countrymen enchained. He captured their imagination. He had their confidence and their ardent devotion for a spell, but he worked for his success. He had to think up a new "stunt" nearly every day. He gave one performance after another. He invoked publicity and used it to his great advantage as no occupant of the White House has done before or since. He got his "hold" on his people, but like a wrestler on the mat, he never dared relax his vigilance for a moment. It was tiring, and he wore himself out at the game. All of the time he was seeking public plaudits he was under constant fiery criticism. He was attacking and defending, making forays and excursions, coming home with the bacon or putting a face on his defeats. The smoke and noise of battle never settled and gave us a clear view of the field. Partisans and enemies participated in the fray. There was uproar, confusion, noise, shouts and groans without while the forces of Right and Wrong battled on the stage.

But now how different!

The country is a deep unruffled pool of peace. Mr. Coolidge is doing all that is required of him by his vast and contented constituency; and that is precisely nothing. He is not called upon to exercise any qualities or capacities he does not possess. He can sit sedately in the White House, occasionally jolting his liver on his patent wooden hobby horse, with a mind free from all anxieties and worries.

It has never befallen me before to make two such transcontinental journeys, stopping off here and there to get the verdict of the vicinage, and never hear a word of complaint or question or criticism about whoever chanced to be in the White House. I venture to believe it is a unique experience in the working life of a political reporter. I tried all sorts of gambits, foreign and domestic, to evoke comment and criticism—the French debt, the World Court, changes in the tariff, reduction of taxes, appointments to office—anything to strike a spark. Never once did I get one. "I guess Cal will handle that in his own way when it comes up. He'll take care not to let anything disturbing happen," was the sum of all the replies.

These people know Mr. Coolidge better than the business interests know him. They do not expect or require any action of him. They do not share in the naïve consternation of certain big business men that Congress continues to function even with Coolidge in the White House. Mr. Coolidge is, of course, the business men's President. It is their interest he thinks of first.

Now the captains of industry come to the White House, have breakfast with the President, and then go out in the garden and have their pictures taken with him. He confers with them. It is wholly unlike the bad old Roosevelt days. Everybody has fallen in with the new order of things except certain members of Congress, and particularly of the Senate. These stubborn and intractable men go on pig-headedly functioning as a coördinate branch of the government. It is disconcerting and exasperating to business minds and men of affairs who had naturally supposed that Mr. Coolidge's election would put an end to such proceedings. Mr. Samuel M. Vauclain was most articulate on this point when he appeared before a Senate Committee a little while ago. I quote a bit of his colloquy with Senator Walsh:

> *Mr. Walsh*—Do you believe it might be well to try to operate this government without a Congress at all?
>
> *Mr. Vauclain*—Well, we have a very good President now, and we might get along for four years.
>
> *Mr. Walsh*—But, I say, there might be an eventuality in which you would believe they should not have a Congress at all?
>
> *Mr. Vauclain*—I never anticipate trouble.
>
> *Mr. Walsh*—But if they should have a good Presi-

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dent like you say this one is, would you be willing to let him do it?

Mr. Vauclain—As long as things went comfortably.

Mr. Walsh—If there was not a Congress, would you have any objection to having a king?

Mr. Vauclain—We would have more law-abiding citizens if they had time to catch up with the laws.

I think Mr. Vauclain is not alone among big business men in being satisfied with Mr. Coolidge "as long as things go comfortably." At another point in his examination Mr. Vauclain had interposed: "It would be a good thing if they [Congress] did not get in session for another four years."

Mr. Walsh—It would be all right with you?

Mr. Vauclain—With the country.

Mr. Walsh—You do not believe in the democratic form of government?

Mr. Vauclain—I was a democrat for a number of years.

Mr. Walsh—You do not believe in representation by the people?

Mr. Vauclain—That is what we believe in.

Mr. Walsh—Theoretically?

Mr. Vauclain—We believe in being represented.

Just there is the little cloud that I am warning Mr. Coolidge's idolators to keep an eye on. Mr. Vauclain and his like-minded associates know that Mr. Coolidge represents them. They have no such feeling or belief about Congress. Many of them took it for granted that the man of their choice would keep the two chambers at the Capitol subdued and obedient to his bidding. Now they fear that Congress is going on in its old way participating in the business of government; that Mr. Coolidge is not in control. They are beginning to mutter just a little bit and ask if the peoples' ideal is the man they thought he was. Will the plain people of a million farms and factories and workshops stand for this treasonable and disloyal talk? I think not. They made our foremost citizen what he is today. They should keep him. They deserve him.

EDWARD G. LOWRY.

Pictures

PROBABLY some professor has written a book on the subject, but it has not come our way. The Loves of the Arts—that is more or less the title it would bear, and it would be concerned with the flirtations between music, letters, sculpture, and architecture, and the effects that the arts have had upon each other throughout the ages. Pending his inquiry, it would seem on the face of it that literature has always been the most sociable and the most impressionable of them all; that sculpture influenced Greek literature, music Elizabethan, architecture the English of the eighteenth century, and now, undoubtedly, we are under the dominion of painting. Were all modern paintings to be destroyed, a critic of the twenty-fifth century would be able to deduce from the works of Proust alone the existence of Matisse, Cézanne, Derain, and Picasso; he would be able to say with those books before him that painters of the highest originality and power must be covering canvas after canvas, squeezing tube after tube, in the room next door.

Yet it is extremely difficult to put one's finger on the precise spot where paint makes itself felt in the work of so complete a writer. In the partial and incomplete writers it is much easier to detect. The world is full of cripples at the moment, victims of the art of painting, who paint apples, roses, china, pomegranates, tamarinds, and glass jars as well as words can paint them, which is, of course, not very well. We can say for certain that a writer whose writing appeals mainly to the eye is a bad writer; that if, in describing, say, a meeting in a garden, he describes roses, lilies, carnations, and shadows on the grass, so that we can see them, but allows to be inferred from them ideas, motives, impulses, and emotions, it is that he is incapable of using his medium for the purposes for which it was created, and is, as a writer, a man without legs.

But it is impossible to bring that charge against Proust, Hardy, Flaubert, or Conrad. They are using their eyes without in the least impeding their pens, and they are using them as novelists have never used them before. Moors and woods, tropical seas, ships, harbors, streets, drawing-rooms, flowers, clothes, attitudes, effects of light and shade—all this they have given us with an accuracy and a subtlety that make us exclaim that now at last writers have begun to use their eyes. Not, indeed, that any of these great writers stops for a moment to describe a crystal jar as if that were an end in itself; the jars on their mantelpieces are always seen through the eyes of women in the room. The whole scene, however solidly and pictorially built up, is always dominated by an emotion which has nothing to do with the eye. But it is the eye that has fertilized their thought; it is the eye, in Proust above all, that has come to the help of the other senses, combined with them, and produced effects of extreme beauty and of a subtlety hitherto ununknown.

Here is a scene in a theatre, for example. We have to understand the emotions of a young man for a lady in a box below. With an abundance of images and comparisons we are made to appreciate the forms, the colors, the very fibre and texture of the plush seats and the ladies' dresses and the dullness or glow, sparkle or color, of the light. At the same time that our senses drink in all this our minds are tunnelling, logically and intellectually, into the obscurity of the young man's emotions which, as they ramify and modulate and stretch further and further, at last penetrate so far, peter out into such a shred of meaning, that we can scarcely follow any

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more, were it not that suddenly, in flash after flash, metaphor after metaphor, the eye lights up that cave of darkness, and we are shown the hard, tangible, material shapes of bodiless thoughts hanging like bats in the primeval darkness where light has never visited them before.

A writer thus has need of a third eye whose function it is to help out the other senses when they flag. But it is extremely doubtful whether he learns anything directly from painting. Indeed, it would seem to be true that writers are of all critics of painting the worst—the most prejudiced, the most distorted in their judgments; if we accost them in picture galleries, disarm their suspicions, and get them to tell us honestly what it is that pleases them in pictures, they will confess that it is not the art of painting in the least. They are not there to understand the problems of the painter's art. They are after something that may be helpful to themselves. It is only thus that they can turn these long galleries from torture chambers of boredom and despair into smiling avenues, pleasant places filled with birds, sanctuaries where silence reigns supreme. Free to go their own way, to pick and choose at their will, they find modern pictures, they say, very helpful, very stimulating. Cézanne, for example—no painter is more provocative to the literary sense, because his pictures are so audaciously and provocatively content to be paint and not words that the very pigment, they say, seems to challenge us, to press on some nerve, to stimulate, to excite. That picture, for example, they explain (standing before a rocky landscape, all cleft in ridges of opal color as if by a giant's hammer, silent, solid, serene), stirs words in us where we had not thought words to exist; suggests forms where we had never seen anything but thin air. As we gaze, words begin to raise their feeble limbs in the pale border-land of no man's language, to sink down again in despair. We fling them like nets upon a rocky and inhospitable shore; they fade and disappear. It is vain, it is futile; but we can never resist the temptation. The silent painters, Cézanne and Mr. Sickert, make fools of us as often as they choose.

But painters lose their power directly they attempt to speak. They must say what they have to say by shading greens into blues, posing block upon block. They must weave their spells like mackerel behind the glass at the aquarium, mutely, mysteriously. Once let them raise the glass and begin to speak and the spell is broken. A story-telling picture is as pathetic and ludicrous as a trick played by a dog, and we applaud it only because we know that it is as hard for a painter to tell a story with his brush as it is for a sheep dog to balance a biscuit on its nose. Doctor Johnson at the Mitre is much better told by Boswell; in paint Keats's nightingale is dumb; with half a sheet of notepaper we can tell all the stories of all the pictures in the world.

Nevertheless, they admit, moving round the gallery, even when they do not tempt us to the heroic efforts which have produced so many abortive monsters, pictures are very pleasant things. There is a great deal to be learnt from them. That picture of a wet marsh on a blowing day shows us much more clearly than we could see for ourselves the greens and silvers, the sliding streams, the gusty willows shivering in the wind, and sets us trying to find phrases for them, suggests even a figure lying there among the bulrushes, or coming out at the farmyard gate in top boots and mackintosh. That still life, they proceed, pointing to a jar of red-hot pokers, is to us what a beefsteak is to an invalid—an orgy of blood and nourishment, so starved we are on our diet of thin black print. We nestle into its color, feed and fill ourselves with yellow and red and gold, till we drop off, nourished and content. Our sense of color seems miraculously sharpened. We carry those roses and red-hot pokers about with us for days, working them over again in words. From a portrait, too, we get almost always something worth having—somebody's room, nose, or hands, some little effect of character or circumstance, some knick-knack to put in our pockets and take away. But again, the portrait painter must not attempt to speak; he must not say, "This is maternity; that intellect"; the utmost he must do is to tap on the wall of the room, or the glass of the aquarium; he must come very close, but something must always separate us from him.

There are artists, indeed, who are born tappers; no sooner do we see a picture of a dancer tying up her shoe by Degas than we exclaim, "How witty!" exactly as if we had read a speech by Congreve. Degas detaches a scene and comments upon it exactly as a great comic writer detaches and comments, but silently, without for a moment infringing the reticence of paint. We laugh, but not with the muscles that laugh in reading. Mlle. Lessore has the same rare and curious power. How witty her circus horses are, or her groups standing with field-glasses gazing, or her fiddlers in the pit of the orchestra! How she quickens our sense of the point and gaiety of life by tapping on the other side of the wall! Matisse taps; Derain taps; Mr. Grant taps; Picasso, Sickert, Mrs. Bell, on the other hand, are all mute as mackerel.

But the writers have said enough. Their consciences are uneasy. No one knows better than they do, they murmur, that this is not the way to look at pictures; that they are irresponsible dragon-flies, mere insects, children wantonly destroying works of art by pulling petal from petal. In short, they had better be off, for here, oaring his way through the waters, mooning, abstract, contemplative, comes a painter, and, stuffing their pilferings into their pockets, out they bolt, lest they should be caught at their mischief and made to suffer the most extreme of penalties, the most exquisite of tortures—to be made to look at pictures with a painter.

VIRGINIA WOOLF.

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Washington Notes

IN the absence of Congress, the whole scale of news values in Washington changes. Rumors and reports that during the session would not have been given a moment's credence, or any save the most casual notice, are now gravely considered and seriously written around by the entire "corps of correspondents," by which curious designation, for no reason that I have ever been able to learn, the newspaper men in Washington are in the habit of referring to themselves, and being referred to by certain public men, on occasions when it is their purpose to be complimentary to the "boys of the press." On other occasions certain other public men, notably Senator Reed of Missouri, with no desire at all to be complimentary, refer to them as "twenty-five dollar a week scribblers."

But to use their own phrase, the corps of correspondents, when Congress adjourns, is hard put to it to make a respectable first page showing in its respective newspapers. Accordingly things essentially trivial, for news purposes, become unexpectedly big. Items which would have been discarded as too unimportant to bother about, in the absence of real news become real news, are built up, plastered around, buttressed with a lot of "it is understood's," and "upon good authority's," and sent out hot on the wires.

The corps of correspondents is not to blame. The real responsibility lies upon the shoulders of managing editors and publishers in far-off cities, who inspire a feeling in the Washington correspondent that unless he makes a showing every day, he is not earning his pay, and that he must furnish news when there is none.

It is a bad system, and adds greatly to the bedevilment and bewilderment of an already much fretted and confused people, who ought to be given their facts on governmental and political matters just as one gives milk to a baby, in pure, unadulterated form, free from fancy trimmings and with no indigestible stuff on the side.

One of the stories that recently went out from here, somewhat typical of the season, and indicative of the extreme paucity of real news, was the one in which Senator Wadsworth, of New York, was spoken of as being urged for, or under consideration for the position of Secretary of War, if, as, and when Mr. Weeks finally retires.

Only a moment's reflection should have shown the complete absurdity of the idea. There is in it neither logic nor sense and there are at least one dozen good round reasons why it does not "hook up."

To mention just a few: Senator Wadsworth would very greatly prefer, and so would almost anyone else, to be Senator from the great State of New York, than to be Mr. Coolidge's Secretary of War. It is a far more distinguished and important office, a far pleasanter place, for a longer term, and with larger opportunities for a real man. Furthermore, Senator Wadsworth, should Mr. Coolidge not be a candidate to succeed himself in 1928, and Senator Wadsworth be reëlected to the Senate next year, of which reëlection he has great hopes, would be well in line for his party's Presidential nomination. And he knows it.

If Senator Wadsworth should accept appointment as Secretary of War, he would have pretty well slammed the door upon the presidential aspirations, which, in common with a number of other Republicans, he unquestionably harbors. He would have turned his back on the prospective fight in his State next year between himself and the redoubtable Al Smith. Thereby he would put himself in a wretched position whereby he would seem to have shown the yellow streak. Moreover, he would have paved the way for a Democrat to succeed him in the Senate.

In short, this Wadsworth story, so blithely sent out and widely printed, has not a leg to stand on. It is unthinkable, and I do not believe was ever seriously considered or even suggested in any responsible quarter. Yet it got printed all over the country.

The favorite standby for the "boys of the press" during these terrible months when Congress is away, the Capitol deserted and the hotels half closed, is making over the Cabinet. Within the last few weeks some really ingenious shifting has been done, on paper, of course, by the hard-pressed members of the corps. The most interesting of these was the speculative transfer of Postmaster-General Harry New and the substituting of our dear good old friend C. Bascom Slemp.

Should that happen, the facile correspondents point out, speculating just as merrily as if the thing were really and imminently in the air, it will be a sure sign that Mr. Coolidge, who has carefully refrained from saying anything on the subject up to date, has determined to seek a renomination from his party in 1928, regarding the present as only his first term.

I might add that if it happens it will also be a sign that Mr. Coolidge, for the first time in his calm and carefully ordered life, has done a complete emotional and intellectual flipflop. The President got so that it irritated him to have Slemp around when the latter was his secretary—and it irritated Butler even more. Why it should be assumed that Mr. Coolidge now yearns to have him in the Cabinet is more than I can fathom. It is another one of the "off-season" stories, of which there promise to be, judging from the start, a fine crop in the next six months.

I hear from New York that Ambassador Houghton achieved a decided personal success there during the week or so before he sailed to take up his duties at the Court of St. James. He was the guest at a number of luncheons and dinners where he met the leading figures in finance, business and journalism and spoke freely on present-day problems, none of his speeches being reported in the press. His knowledge of the European situation, his broadly tolerant viewpoint, and his vigorous and forthright personality were very well liked by the supposedly sophisticated denizens of the metropolis. This is interesting in view of the fact that Washington gossip has Houghton slated for Secretary of State to follow Kellogg, whose term in office, it is generally supposed, will be brief. Of course, this may be just more dull-day rumor-mongering, but I doubt it.

If this report is correct, the sojourn at the Court of St. James is by way of being a disinfecting process. Houghton, as Ambassador to Berlin, was generally regarded as being, if not exactly pro-German, at least somewhat apathetic about the demands of the Allies and the way in which they sought to enforce them. To move a man from Berlin direct to the Secretaryship of State would have set Europe gasping; but if a successful Ambassador to Great Britain is called home and elevated, only those with the longest memories may be expected to recall that before he was in London he was in Berlin.

T. R. B.

Washington.

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A COMMUNICATION

Justice Stone and Senator Wheeler

SIR: The connection of former Attorney General Stone with the indictment of Senator Wheeler in the District of Columbia is widely misunderstood. The impression has been spread broadcast that Attorney General Stone, after a personal investigation, became convinced of Senator Wheeler's implication in an alleged conspiracy to defraud the government in connection with the validation of certain oil permits, directly or indirectly controlled by Gordon Campbell.

The fact is that Attorney General Stone, after a review of the evidence, became convinced that there was sufficient ground to bring suit against Gordon Campbell and certain others, but that he regarded Senator Wheeler's connection as a mere incident.

This attitude is clearly set forth in Attorney General Stone's formal statement before the Judiciary Committee of the Senate on January 28, 1925. (Italics by the author.)

> The investigation indicated that Campbell's promotion schemes involved primarily the securing, fraudulently, of oil and gas prospecting permits on public lands in Montana and that the most important element in them was the validating of these permits by the Interior Department and the approval of assignments of these permits by the executive officers of the Interior Department at Washington.
>
> These subsequent investigations changed entirely the aspect of the crime which seemed to have been committed in Montana. Instead of a mere fraudulent scheme to use the mails in the selling of oil stock, it appeared that there was a scheme to defraud the United States of its public lands and of the oil and minerals underlying those lands.
>
> The principal and most important acts in furtherance of the scheme were to be performed and were, in fact, performed at the seat of the government. A crime, if committed in these transactions, was committed within the District of Columbia where, under the statutes of the United States, it was properly triable.
>
> Much of the evidence required is documentary in character and is located in the official files of the Interior Department, and numerous overt acts in connection with the transaction were committed in the District of Columbia. *While from the facts presented to me it appeared that a number of people were unquestionably implicated in this transaction, it became apparent that testimony could not be taken with respect to it without indicating that Senator Wheeler was involved in it. I therefore came to the conclusion that in fairness to him and with a view to the due and orderly administration of justice, an opportunity should be given to him to explain his connection with the transaction.*

In considering Attorney General Stone's attitude toward the Wheeler Case, it is necessary constantly to keep in mind the atmosphere of the Department of Justice with which he was surrounded.

Contrary to popular opinion, Attorney General Stone made practically no change in the personnel of the Department of Justice after assuming office on April 7, 1924. Particularly worthy of note is the fact that he retained Warren F. ("Barney") Martin, a Daugherty appointee, as "Special Assistant to the Attorney General." This title does not fully convey the close relationship of Martin to the Attorney General. Martin continued to occupy as "Assistant" to Attorney General Stone the same office which he had occupied while Daugherty was Attorney General. This is the office through which visitors to the Attorney General must pass, and it was to Martin that visitors had to explain their business before an appointment was made. He was, in fact, a confidential secretary to Attorney General Stone, as he had been to Attorney General Daugherty.

Rush L. Holland, Assistant Attorney General in charge of administration, was also retained. Holland was not only a Daugherty appointee but an avowed Daugherty partisan. Under the direction of Daugherty, he had managed the western end of the Harding pre-convention campaign. Although appointed from Colorado, he was in reality one of the leading members of the "Ohio Gang."

Among other Daugherty appointees retained were Augustus T. Seymour, Assistant to the Attorney General; George E. Strong, Chief Clerk and Administrative Assistant; Assistant Attorneys General Lovett, Willebrandt, Wells and Hoppin; Heber H. Votaw, Superintendent of Prisons, and others who occupied strategic positions in the Department of Justice which threw them into frequent contact with the Attorney General.

Much has been made of the fact that the evidence relating to the case in which Senator Wheeler is alleged to have been involved was placed in the hands of William J. Donovan, who was appointed as Assistant Attorney General by Attorney General Stone. As a matter of fact, Donovan was originally a *Daugherty appointee;* he was appointed United States Attorney for the Buffalo District on February 7, 1922, *by Daugherty,* and was merely elevated to the position of Assistant Attorney General by Stone.

The Department of Justice, in its publicity, has diligently emphasized the allegation that the case before the District of Columbia grand jury was handled by Assistant Attorney General Donovan—the evident purpose being to create the impression that a man was in charge of the case who had no connection with Daugherty or with the Montana indictment. As a matter of fact, the case was actually presented to the grand jury in the District of Columbia by John T. Pratt, a Daugherty appointee from Toledo, Ohio —the same man who had secured the Montana indictment under the extraordinary conditions of taking seven or eight ballots, recessing the grand jury during a period of several hours, and finally haranguing the grand jury after the ordinary course of balloting had failed to produce a majority favoring an indictment. It is particularly significant that (according to the testimony of A. F. Sparling, one of the grand jurors) no minutes were kept by the grand jury regarding the proceedings in the Wheeler indictment, although minutes were kept in other cases (Borah Committee Hearings, p. 101).

Widespread publicity has also been given to the fact that Robert P. Stewart, of South Dakota, a Democrat, assisted in the presentation of the case to the District of Columbia grand jury, the evident purpose being to create the impression that Senator Wheeler's interests were being protected by this alleged Democrat. As a matter of fact, Stewart was a strong partisan of former Attorney General A. Mit-

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chell Palmer, whose administration of the Department of Justice was exposed and denounced by Senator Thomas J. Walsh, Senator Wheeler's chief counsel. Robert P. Stewart, then Assistant Attorney General, was a witness before the Kenyon campaign expenditures committee in 1920, on charges that he had improperly used official government transportation in various political trips in support of the pre-convention campaign of A. Mitchell Palmer for president.

It is important to realize that the entire atmosphere of the Department of Justice was and is bitterly prejudiced against Senators Wheeler and Walsh, regardless of whether the particular appointees were adherents of Palmer or of Daugherty.

Let us take for example the Bureau of Investigation, which played a large part in formulating the charges against Senator Wheeler and assembling the alleged evidence, reviewed by Attorney General Stone. During the administration of Daugherty the Bureau of Investigation was under the control of William J. Burns, whose resignation was forced as a result of the exposure of the investigation conducted by Senator Wheeler. William J. Burns is also head of the detective agency whose operations would have been greatly affected by the passage of a resolution introduced by Senator Wheeler at the very beginning of his term, providing for an investigation of private detective agencies.

Attorney General Stone appointed as the successor to William J. Burns as head of the Bureau of Investigation, J. Edgar Hoover. Hoover had not only been one of Burns's chief assistants, but had first come into prominence in the Department under the Palmer régime, when he had a large part in the direction of the so-called "Red raids." Hoover's activities in this connection were denounced by Senator Walsh as well as by Judge George W. Anderson of Boston.

These were the men—relics of the Daugherty and Palmer régimes—who prepared the evidence in the Wheeler case and submitted it to the grand jury in Washington. It was their reports of the alleged evidence, colored as far as their prejudices might dictate, which were reviewed by Attorney General Stone.

It is submitted that, no matter how able or unbiased Attorney General Stone may have been, he could not form a fair and dispassionate opinion of the case upon such ex parte evidence, particularly when surrounded by the insidious atmosphere of the Department of Justice. As Senator Walsh stated on the floor of the Senate in February, 1925:

> So, Mr. President, whatever may be the disposition of the Attorney General [Stone], he has breathed the mephitic atmosphere of the Department of Justice for the last year, permeated, as it is to this very day, with the influence of Daugherty, whose malevolence toward Senator Wheeler was, I think, the occasion for the bringing of this indictment.

BASIL MANLY.

Washington, D. C.

CORRESPONDENCE

Secularizing Education

SIR: With the Klan a power in Ohio, education is becoming rapidly secularized in many sections of the state. The Bible bill has passed both houses of the legislature. The public schools are becoming reactionary Protestant. One elected school principal was refused the keys to his building because he was a Catholic: the janitress of his new school would not deliver them. The village of North Bloomfield, Ohio, ousted a Jewess, teacher of French, after three months of satisfactory service. The young lady had declared herself an Episcopalian (it being necessary in many sections of these United States to pass a religious inquisition for a public school job) but upon the discovery of her true faith she was ousted.

Near Calcutta, Ohio, a Jewish teacher was asked to resign after a year's service, and following an official reappointment. The community petitioned for a Protestant.

Less importance should be attached to these dismissals than to the fact revealed, namely, that teachers must pass a religious test. The particularly flagrant instances of dismissals following appointments should serve to focus attention upon the hollowness of our alleged non-sectarian educational system. Not over six states in the Union specifically forbid a religious inquisition of prospective teachers for the public schools. In every state, without exception, the law is circumvented or violated openly.

The growth of Catholic parochial schools, together with the Klan, are Protestantizing the public school. Where will the end be?

D. H. P.

Cleveland, O.

The Plight of the Post-Graduate

SIR: The plea in your recent editorial, concerning Johns Hopkins for "the despised and rejected college" as an institution for "general intellectual maturing" is, I feel, a justified and timely one. I should like to add a word in regard to the much lauded graduate departments of our great universities.

For those of our youth who are gifted, the promise is held out in preparatory school that the strain will not last and that once over the grim barrier of College Board examinations a life of relative release will be found. Stimulated by the picture English essayists have drawn of the cultivated leisure of the Cambridge or Oxford undergraduate, the over-taxed college preparatory student martyrs to the hope ahead his awakening imagination and gropings about to understand the self he feels.

But Hallowe'en has not arrived on the campus before he dully perceives that he is being "prepared" again, this time for advanced work, even for graduate work. Consider the sick-heartedness that gradually settles down upon the second year graduate student who realizes that the hope of doing "original" work under the kindly guidance of matured thinkers becomes a matter of exacting scholarship with emphasis on details rather than on reflective theories with details as a basis.

As the tense spirit of "preparation" in the preparatory school did violence to the adolescent, so in the graduate school it postpones the exposition of a man's view until, frequently, he finds that something of the glory of his view has vanished.

When offering a plea for more leisure and the opportunity for reflective initiative in the college, let us begin by demanding that in the graduate departments of our great universities a premium be placed upon that type of production which only unhurried thought can bring. *Let us stop classifying originality and create the atmosphere that will produce it!*

S. M. HEIMSATH.

North Haven, Conn.

A Correction

SIR: I hope it is not too late to call attention to two very serious misprints in my review of Mr. Richard's Principles of Literary Criticism in your issue of March 18. They both occur in the fourth paragraph; and together quite alter my meaning. The phrase "we confront implications which are rather excitingly realistic" is of course meaningless: the last word ought to be *relativistic*. And afew lines below, in the phrase "staggering solecism," the second word ought to be *solipsism*.

CONRAD AIKEN.

Rye, England.

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The Greatest Show on Earth

AT the bugle, the doors are thrown open and the drum-major, coated in yellow, with his baton and his strutting shako, leads in the parade. Behind him, roll the golden floats, the green dragons and scarlet sphinxes, Cleopatra jolted on her elephant, Cinderella trotting to ponies, big-headed Chinese *magots* in high green steeple-hats, comely jockeys, men and girls, in green and pink, with pink-and-green-garlanded hurdles, camels, stepping disdainfully, caparisoned in gold and crimson, wobbling limp humps.—Once off, beyond the exit doors, the hurdles are slapped away, the girls have to dodge the horses, who have been excited by the music and the lights, the elephants are made to kneel and are unharnessed of their trappings in haste, the clowns undo their monstrous bodies, Cleopatra grins at her maids.

The band, appearing aloft in the box, now possesses the house with loud volume, sets all pumping to a fast emphatic waltz. Wide red carpets are stretched on the yellow floor beneath the firmament of yellow planets. Trapeze-performers mount their bars. All in white, symmetrically posted, they inhabit the vast diagram of ropes designed like some impossible geometry in the void upper light: swimming in the void of the waltz, they swing and swoop—they fly to find each other's hands—they fall in soft nets.—Outside, the elephants are lined up for their entrance by a little turdy determined man, the expression of whose large heavy nead has become pachydermatous and impassive: he herds them with a rod behind the ear: one nervously feels a bystander's shoe with a tentative trunk.—Coming off, two trapeze performers—a man and woman, heroic and blond—kiss as they part to different dressing rooms.

There is a sign which says: "DOCTOR. KEEP AWAY FROM THIS DOOR."—Clowns mount stilts, load false scalps and slapsticks, haul down gigantic false female bodies.—A contortionist, for practice, curls himself up on a table, like a dying spider.—Girls, who have been talking on a blue circus trunk and who wear their street-clothes as other women do kimonos, hurry away to change.—Mme. Pallenberg's bears wallop off, much delighted to be done with their roller-skating and cycling, dragging attendants on their leashes.—Applause: the broad white horse of May Wirth rounds the ring at a slow lope. Running, with her little girl's bow at her ear, her arms held down to her sides like a girl, she jumps to a poise on the horse's round back, slides down and jumps again. Then, with deliberate ease, slow like the slowed-up music, slow like the loping horse, she flips backwards on the horse's back over and over. She is an organism perfectly developed, accurately, effortlessly adjusted, to maintain life on a moving horse.

The dwarfs assume glaring false heads of the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo. Crossword-puzzles; a skeleton; a doctor with a giant stork. The clowns start their catastrophic motor.—The sea-lions are waiting in their red barred box uttering strangulated roars. The trainer slips them fish: "Now get over, you big bum, and let Pearl have some!—Come on, Pearl, here go.—Cut it out, you big hog!—Come on, Pearl, don't be scared."—One Weary Willy, left alone when the other clowns have cleared the scene, sways on a towering stack of tables: he rocks first backward and then forward, each time tipping further and further—almost it topples, then it topples—as the chair falls backwards under him, he rights himself adroitly in the air and alights neatly on his feet as the tower crumbles to tables.—The girl acrobats, slender and dark, in green bodices and salmon tights, slip into their blunt gold mules: they know exactly where they want to go and they go there straight: they do not need to lean against anything.—From the arena, the music has been intensified to the dry sinister buzz and bump of the difficult tight-wire somersault.—The tall dog-trainer in the brown frock-coat twists a waxed mustache while his gigantic brindled police-dog crouches blinking behind him. A little cow-girl with butterfly bows on her shoes who rides in the Wild West hauls up her horse, who wants to go on.—Mlle. Leitzel cries "Where are my flowers?" in a nervous high-pitched voice.—In three rings, equilibrists lean out from white masts based on the box of a companion's chest.

Then the darkened arena heaves to a dark and sonorous waltz. Mlle. Leitzel, costumed in silver, concentrated by white blades of light, walks the length of the drive-way alone. The darkened audience roars with applause. She mounts her rope, still focussed in silver, swinging her body over and over, lingering in rhythm to the languor of the waltz. Near the top, she catches the rope between her thighs and leans out reclining high in space—making poses and throwing them away. She is the least formal, the most abandoned of performers, and the performer most distinguished by style. She descends; she bows: the arena resounds with the hollow bellow of the announcer. Catching a rope-end with one hand, she ascends in a smooth unbroken flight. The music has turned sombre, has turned ominous. Hanging at the rope-end by one bare arm, she begins to thrash about in the air. Higher, higher—she flings her body above her shoulder, she flings it over her shoulder. Her bronze-brown hair has shaken loose and is wrenched to and fro in the air. Her terrific effort has a bacchante's violence. Over and over—at last she slows down. She is lowered; she receives her applause. Then she makes her way from the arena alone as she came, not quite straight but bowing to the roar. Once outside, she sinks into a chair and her brow is wrung with agony. She gasps; her great bright black eyes stare. People come around and compliment her, but she can hardly answer them. They smile but she can only gasp.—All five rings are turning with horses—glossy flanks and slender elegant legs—performing the figures of the manège, nodding black or white cockades.—Mlle. Leitzel smiles at last and talks again. She clasps her cloak with one little hand—the hand that supported her above the arena: one sees that the fingers are finely shaped and the finger-nails carefully tended.

After the show, the dingy city audience sifts away down through the aisles. They do not envy the circus performers. They realize that there is really no more sense in learning to do what Mlle. Leitzel does than in acquiring the ability to tip over backwards on a tower of tables. But one cannot help feeling a shade of abashment at the exhibition of any human aptitude caried to its extreme unpredictable limit. It is true that the faculties developed by the performers are not such as appear valuable to the audience but then most of these have been content with such a moderate exercise of any. Or if they have been compelled by the exactions of society to push their powers to the point of risk, they have had not even the glory of the circus band, the applause of the arena. So they go home to Harlem and the Bronx, to Central Park West and Flatbush, to Lexington Avenue, to the lower East Side and to the apartments of the East Nineties. Only the children want to be bare-back riders and masters of the flying rings, and they will soon know better.

EDMUND WILSON.

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King Edward VII

King Edward VII, a biography, by Sir Sidney Lee. New York: The Macmillan Company. $8.

THIS is frankly biography in blinkers. It belongs by nature and method to the old three-decker period when the writer thought it his duty to weave universal history around the life of his subject. With one exception, it is intensely discreet; and parts of it seem written with a view to sustaining, in the next volume, an impossible thesis about the origins of the War. Sir Sidney Lee, in other words, had a great opportunity in this work. With unexampled access to the materials, he might have written a book which would have explained that mystical hieroglyphic, the English monarchy. As it is, he has preferred to write one of those empty and funereal volumes in which sharpness of view is sacrificed to vastness of canvas, and truth to the desire to put the fig leaf before the facts of nature.

Yet, despite that fig leaf, the facts vaguely emerge. King Edward was an uneducated man, without intellectual interests, and with tastes more befitting a rich parvenu than the heir to a throne which has a great part to play in political affairs. He seems unquestionably to have had that elusive quality we call charm; nothing else explains the friendship for him displayed not only by Disraeli and Gladstone, but also by men who, like Sir Charles Dilke and Chamberlain, cannot be suspected of an innate affection for royal personages. He had little real judgment of men. A certain shrewdness, a constitutional bonhomie, the kind of knowledge of events which comes to any man who lives for long years at the centre of affairs—these were his outstanding characteristics. Partly, doubtless, his nature was stunted by the incredibly bad system of education to which his parents subjected him; what the worst irony of Mr. Lytton Strachey suspected is nothing compared to the tragic actuality Sir Sidney Lee here reveals. Partly, also, his mother's jealousy of power drove him into circles and activities from which a more judicious relationship would have freed him. In political opinion he seems to have been a paternal Tory, anxious for the maintenance of rank and class, willing that the poor should have a blanket on the saving condition that they did not demand an eiderdown. His passions were dress, exhibitions, and foreign travel. He was a firm friend, willing to pester government for the advancement of his intimates, however impossible, and with little regard to their competence. He was constantly assailing ministers with his views upon subjects beyond his understanding. He had little discretion in his dealings with foreign officials; he never fully realized that his views must either coincide with those of ministers, or else remain unexpressed. He liked France in the sense that he admired the easy morality of the tourist's Paris, and he disliked Germany. He had a warm affection for Gambetta, and a bitter dislike for the ex-Kaiser. He was a good linguist, and he had great social tact. But the attempt to discover in him larger qualities than these will fail if it is honestly undertaken.

Sir Sidney Lee takes a different view. He seems concerned to perpetuate the myths, first, of the significance of what royalty does, and, second, that Edward VII had a large grasp of foreign affairs. He reports with portentous solemnity that the King initiated this fund, or opened that exhibition. He was well acquainted with social conditions because he paid two or three surreptitious visits to the slums and sat on a housing commission; he was deeply interested in empire because he visited Canada and India. He was alert to the problem of the army, of which the proof seems to be that he wanted the Duke of Connaught, instead of an expert professional soldier, to be Commander-in-Chief. He had a deep sense of the obligations of his position; for when he appeared as a witness in a case arising out of a baccarat scandal he wrote an apology to the Archbishop of Canterbury (as the official genius, one supposes, of English morality) and promised never to play baccarat again. He never forgot to write to Mr. Gladstone on his birthday; and there is no occasion when he ever failed to wear the right uniform (and he had hundreds of uniforms) on ceremonial occasions. He took an energetic part in making occasions like the Diamond Jubilee appropriately magnificent. He withdrew his yacht from the Cowes Regatta rather than strain his personal relations with the Kaiser. These, and things like these are the foundations upon which Sir Sidney Lee builds his edifice of eulogy. And because he liked going to Paris, and disliked going to Germany, we are asked to see therein a notable prevision of that Anglo-French entente which (though Sir Sidney Lee does not say so) was a contributory fact of importance in the making of the Great War.

On the comparative merits of republicanism and a monarchy in a country, like England, of old and settled traditions, it is not easy to decide offhand. Its disadvantages are obviously important. Apart from its tendency to assist in the preservation of a leisured and parasitic class, its inevitable encouragement of snobbery, its habit of assisting that charity which is a cloak for injustice, its political influence is a matter of moment. It may be agreed that no monarch in England could ever resist the pressure of a united Cabinet. But Cabinets are not always united, and there have been occasions in the last fifty years when the monarch has taken advantage of that disunity. And there is the significant fact that it was by appeal to the Crown that Mr. Bonar Law and Sir Edward Carson prepared the Ulster Rebellion of 1913 which, by the technique it utilized, suggested the grave possibility that the neutrality of the Crown is less real than theory insists. Its special connection with the Army and Navy has, in the light of the famous Curragh incident of 1914, implications that no man can evade. Claims like that of Lord Halsbury, that the King's veto is still a reality, or that of Mr. Asquith, that he can refuse a dissolution, suggest penumbrae of gravity that need more discussion than they have received. The Crown, further, has a real margin of authority in relation to the empire; and it is the unfortunate habit of Dominion statesmen to emphasize its significance. What in brief, Professor Hobhouse has called "the weird metaphysics of our limited monarchy" are nourished upon factors in social and political life which are conceivably dangerous and always irrational. Graham Wallas once wrote that British democrats should insist upon knowing what the personal prerogative of the Crown is. I do not believe any impartial observer could read this book without the sense that the sooner we do know, the better for the English Constitution. I do not suggest that the American presidency is more satisfactory as an executive; probably that of France is the best we have. But I believe that the utilization of the primitive impulse of personal loyalty in the British system raises issues that, in a crisis, are far more dangerous than most men would be willing to face.

H. J. LASKI.

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The Shall to Believe

Science and Religion, by J. Arthur Thomson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

Survival, by Sir Oliver Lodge, Stanley de Brath, Lady Grey of Falloden, Camille Flammarion, Sir Edward Marshall-Hall, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, F. R. Scatcherd, David Gow, The Rev. C. Drayton Thomas, J. Arthur Hill, Prof. Charles Richet, The Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75.

THE conflict between science and religion is a fact of history, not an antinomy of logic. That is why no "solution" of the problem can ever be made to stick. It is not the kind of problem that is susceptible of intellectual solution. In the whole chronicle of modern thought there is hardly a scientist or theologian of eminence who has not solved this supposed antimony to his own entire satisfaction, published his formula to the world, and gone to his reward in serene unconsciousness of the utter ineffectiveness of his philosophy to save even his own children from bogging down in the same mire—and later publishing the secret of their recovery. To an extent incredible to laymen the history of modern philosophy is the record of a series of personal experiences with this dilemma from which no previous philosophy is able to save those who follow after. "Discoveries" come and go. Logics wax and wane. And still the conflict rages.

This does not mean, of course, that no general or systematic change has come over the situation. Clearly the whole tone and flavor of the discussion has altered between the times of Giordano Bruno, Pascal, and J. Arthur Thomson. Each one of these men was committed both to science and to theology. Each one felt the strain between the two. Each was able to satisfy himself that in giving himself to one he had not failed of fidelity to the other. In this respect they are all alike. Professor Thomson's argument is precisely that of Giordano Bruno: that there can be no "real" conflict between science and religion because one pertains to secular, the other to sacred, things. That proposition is so perfectly true and obvious that the passage of three centuries and more has not altered the argument in any important particular. Like Bruno, Professor Thomson rehearses the findings of contemporary science in detail, exhibiting as he does so their entire innocuousness. Science has not made atheism obligatory upon reasonable people by discovering a Non-god whose demonstrated existence makes any further credence in God impossible. On the contrary, the further you go into it (and to go the entire road Professor Thomson has reinforced his own biology with three essays on the skirmish line of physics, written by his son) the clearer it becomes that science is never going to arrive at any ultimate goal or Judgment Seat. Some care has always to be taken to prevent the contamination of the sacred by the secular, and vice versa. Thus Thomson remarks that energy should not be described as "eternal" as that word conveys theological implications irrelevant to energy, while energy, if accepted among the eternals of religion, would immediately jar upon the religious sensibility. The resolution of the conflict of science and religion for Thomson, as for every philosopher of modern times, is the discovery that there is no conflict. Anyone who wants to can believe in both.

The question is why anyone should want to. That is the question which bothered Clement VIII about Bruno, and Jacques Loeb about biologists like Thomson. There are many things which men may believe if they will, which, like science and theology, may or may not conflict according to the efficiency of their logic-tight compartments. But the historical conflict has raged only about these two. Why? Because it is not a question what men may believe but what they must. The will to believe is servant to "Thou shalt!" Here is the real conflict of science and religion, an antagonism not of logic but of social imperatives. To a Clement it seems preposterous that anyone should not so much believe the evidence of his senses as care what the world of sense is anyhow, when all the essential truths of life are revealed to him in Holy Writ. To a Loeb it is equally preposterous that a man who has the world in focus at the end of his microscope should take the slightest interest in the second-hand magic of his unenlightened forefathers.

In this sense, of course, the apologetics of Giordano Bruno differed widely from those of Professor Thomson. Generally speaking, Bruno apologized for science, Thomson for theology. At opposite ends of the historical progression these differences in emphasis are clearly discernible. Descartes assuaged the theologians and Hobbes belabored them, both in the interests of science. Bryan belabors science and Thomson coaxes it, both in the interests of theology. In each case one is taken for granted. Strong social necessity operates to make every "reasonable" man believe—whichever it is that is the foundation of his civilization. Believing that, he may hedge about the other with apologies if he wishes.

Why then should he wish? The answer is easy in either case. We have only to think forward or backward, as the case requires. Looking forward from Descartes or Bruno we envisage our noble selves, and straightway feel that such penetrating thinkers are to be congratulated for having caught a glimpse of us from so distant an eminence. Born theologians, they felt impelled to take an interest in mundane things because they saw that mundane things might be important, and so they are, for us. Professor Thomson, and the other modern apologists, are only looking in the other direction. No question need now be raised why these men believe in science. They have to. Even Bryan himself believes in evolution to this extent: he knows that the whole pressure of modern civilization is to compel men to believe in evolution under penalty of intellectual failure and social ineffectiveness. When, however, these men urge upon us the claims of another view of life, they are only speaking for what we recently have been. Living, as we do now, in the sties of industrial cities, and eating the husks that are shot from guns, we occasionally look back upon our romantic past with a feeling of poignant loss. Whatever the sensation with which we regarded the awful wrath of the Great Father in those days, before we had learned to shift for ourselves, and were consequently entirely at the mercy of the cosmic weather, from our present perspective we remember only the romance of the personal relationship. Let us therefore arise and go back to our fathers. There is nothing to prevent but our present habits. They, to be sure, are secular. Are we then to abandon sacred things, because the secular is now compulsory? There is no "real" conflict between them. Whoever will, may hold them both. Thus spake the biologist.

To many admirers of Professor Thomson's work the conjunction of his lectures with a volume of essays by such "cranks" (so scientists would call them) as Oliver Lodge and Conan Doyle, will be highly offensive. These

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psychical researchers are the very travesty of scientific men, I shall be told. And so they are. Here is spread out all the hocus-pocus of voices, and raps, and ectoplasm. One of the good ladies of this group tells of the deceased husbands she has seen staring from the backs of passers-by. Another offers tender directions for facilitating the passage of the souls of dying loved ones. Nevertheless, though the species be different, the genus is the same. These writers are only going Professor Thomson a dozen better. If he is indifferent to ectoplasm, let him undertake to prove to any plasmist that "science forbids" psychical research. It can't be done. His own apologies have opened the door. If science "permits" one to believe in God, it also allows immortality, and communication, and materialization. In short, science permits anything. One may believe. The question is whether one must, and here the psychics stand on precisely the same ground as that occupied by J. Arthur Thomson. They feel that they must because they feel the force of racial experience, of cultural tradition. They come of a religious stock. A. Conan Doyle and J. Arthur Thomson, just alike, are treasuring the penates of their fathers.

The very eminence of both groups identifies them. It is an impressive eminence. These, we feel, are no fly-by-nights. The membership of the British Society for Psychical Research reads like a social register. Furthermore, there is a reason. The grand old men of science, the chancellors of universities, the recipients of Nobel prizes, the most gracious lecturers and brilliant essayists, men of character and personality whose intellectual attainments are set upon a background of fine breeding and broad cultivation—these men are men of class and family. They represent what is best in our civilization, and what is oldest. They speak tradition, and one of their traditions is religion. Being intelligent, they are scientists Being gentlemen, they feel also another necessity. There is no conflict (of logic) between these sentiments.

When, therefore, we speak of the resplendent eminence of the men who "reconcile" science with theology, it is necessary to remember that there is a peculiar relation between social eminence and the "shall" that rules theology.

C. E. Ayres.

Red Aesthetics

Literature and Revolution, by Leon Trotsky. Translated from the Russian by Rose Strunsky. New York: International Publishers. $2.50.

THESE rash pages invite one to give an airing to æsthetic notions which are ordinarily provided with mothballs and left hanging in the closets of the mind. By and large, criticism is either an assay of craftsmanship or an attempt to indicate in a general way the relation between a given piece of work and reality. Whether the stress is upon art or life, judgment is grounded upon a system of human values assumed to be universal. Now Trotsky would have us believe that literature (which is his main concern in this volume) ministers to the ruling class in that it represents the viewpoint and upholds the interests of the masters. Being a function of social man, it "obeys the laws of his social organization." In the mouth of a Marxian, these words can only mean that literature is a class product as much as legal norms, morals, statehood, religion, —that it belongs to the ideological superstructure which tops the industrial base as the berries nestling in whipped cream surmount the layers of a shortcake. Indeed, Trotsky takes the position that every literary tendency expresses social demands which in the final analysis are the voice of the dominating class, speaking through the individual, and determining the consciousness of the nation. Art, like the other elements of culture, is a luxury, pasturing upon a material surplus. The Muses are kept women.

These are formidable, if not wholly novel, contentions. Shaw has long since intimated that the "personally minded rich" would willingly employ the artist "as pander, buffon, beauty-monger, sentimentalizer and the like," and Upton Sinclair has just written a tome to demonstrate, among other things, that they have had their will. Trotsky, although his pages are stuffed with pithy ideas, leaves his thesis almost as undeveloped and quite as ill-supported as it was before he devoted his summer holidays to its defense. As the discussion proceeds, our author whittles his doctrine down to such an extent that it shows forth exceedingly frail. For one thing he admits that art is a specific activity, obedient to its own rules, possessing, in Gershenzon's phrase, its own "image of perfection," and to be judged primarily in these terms. Further, it transpires that those in the saddle shape the arts not so much by affecting the minds of the creative workers as by rejecting that which does not find favor in their own sight. Trotsky also concedes that the artist is generally unaware that he supports the existing order, and under these circumstances it is hardly reasonable to speak of his prostitution. In dealing with the present state of Russian letters, he points out that the writers who have not accepted the Revolution are trees withered at the root, since the class upon which they depended has perished. But Pushkin and Tolstoy, as well as Bunin and Merezhkovsky, are rooted in the past that the Revolution has annihilated, and yet Trotsky balks at throwing overboard War and Peace. Moreover, he declares that a good Communist can be moved by the work bearing that invidious title, The Divine Comedy, and written by a thirteenth century petty bourgeois of Florence. Here he is more intelligent than consistent.

Trotsky confessed to his weakness for Dante, as well as for Shakespeare and Byron, in the course of a speech delivered last May at a conference called to consider the policy of the Communist Party toward art. The speech does not figure in the volume under review, which is based upon the first edition of the original book, since it was printed only in the second edition. Some of his more rigorous comrades were scandalized. The young novelist, Libedinsky (whose tale, A Week, has been done into English) retorted that it would not be long before Shakespeare and Byron ceased to have anything to say to the Communist. To this Trotsky pointedly replied that when that happened, the writings of Karl Marx and the very program of the Party would have become mere historic documents.

When he is not carried away by polemical ardor or the exigencies of his dogmatic allegiance, he is clearly aware that the continuity of culture is not broken by the upheavals and sharp cleavages with which the class struggle punctuates human history. When he gets down to brass tacks, he works on the tacit assumption that the relation between the artist and society is a very complicated and delicate one, not reducible to a crude rule. Further, he recognizes that art has its rise in, and makes its appeal to, the subconscious emotional foundation of man's nature, which was established for us in the days of the Cro-Magnon, and which has since been but little affected by the shift in trade-routes and the changes in the form and the

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distribution of wealth. Where Trotsky succeeds is in vividly recalling to us the interaction that goes on between a changing society and a changing literature. Apart from the emphasis on the class struggle, there is nothing new here. In 1800, sixty-three years before the appearance of Taine's Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise, Mme. de Staël proposed to analyze "the moral and political causes which modify the spirit of literature." Certainly until more is known of the psychological mechanism of creative activity, and until sociology approaches an exact science, it is impossible to formulate anything but a fragile hypothesis concerning these matters. Meanwhile, the best that can be said of the Marxian æsthetics, is what can be said likewise of the theory of the economic interpretation of history: while it is untenable as a final formula, it is a useful method, since it draws attention to neglected aspects of the social origins and function of the arts. To what degree this method can be fruitful when judiciously employed can be seen from such a contribution as the recent works of Wilhelm Hausenstein.

Trotsky's theory of criticism is doubtful, but his practice of the art is consistent and brilliant, if not always sound. The critic is as forceful, as trenchant, as magnetic as was the Commissar of War. He is frankly hostile to the temper of the mystic, and obtuse to the subtleties of certain technical experiments, such as Bely's. But what he has to say on current Russian prose and verse shows the honest reaction of a sharp and militant intelligence. Inasmuch as he deals chiefly with the work of immature men and inchoate tendencies, there is the imprint of the feuilleton on these pages, as upon most of present-day Russian writing, which is tentative, occasional, hasty. When it comes to so-called proletarian literature, Trotsky makes short shrift of it. In the literary field, if in no other, he speaks for the principle of free competition. Of course, he adds, a strict censorship must be maintained, to suppress any work that definitely sets its face against the existing régime. Believing that the next few decades will be given over to revolutionary struggle in Europe and America, he cannot see the chance for the creation of a proletarian culture, paralleling the feudal and bourgois cultures, in such a brief and troubled period. And when once Socialism has triumphed, the arts will naturally lose their class character.

Trotsky speaks of coming events with the confidence of a race track tout or a Seventh Day Adventist. Toward the close of the discussion he allows himself the luxury of forecast. The socialist Utopia he outlines is not unlike the order hinted at here and there by Shaw—only, where the playwright is content to satirize our failures, Trotsky speaks with superb assurance of our future. He looks forward to the establishment of a society organized on the industrial basis and approaching all its problems in a rational and scientific spirit. He hopes for a selected, trained, purposeful race, freed from the incubus of supernaturalism, and capable of carrying on the best traditions of humanism in the literal sense of that old word. Of the arts under the new conditions he has several very definite things to say. Chief among these is that, in creating material objects, the imagination of the artist will "be directed toward working out the ideal form of a thing as a thing and not toward the embellishment of the thing as an æsthetic premium to itself." Here as elsewhere Trotsky expresses an attitude, not peculiar to himself. Not the least virtue of this book for the outside world is that it is so strikingly, if involuntarily, revelas the elements of the Communist mentality.

AVRAHM YARMOLINSKY.

History Widens her Sphere

The Threshold of the Pacific, by C. E. Fox. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $6.

THIS book is an account of the social organization, magic and religion of the people of San Cristoval in the Solomon Islands and it is illustrative of the trend of modern history that the editor should include such a study in a series like the new History of Civilization. We get less egocentric as time goes on and as a result we are rapidly shifting the emphasis in our researches into the past history of mankind: we have progressed even since Henry Adams, who summed up history well enough in the Education:

> He knew better than though he were a professional historian that the man who should solve the riddle of the Middle Ages and bring them into the line of evolution from past to present, would be a greater man than Lamarck or Linnaeus; but history had nowhere broken down so pitiably, or avowed itself so hopelessly bankrupt, as there. Since Gibbon, the spectacle was almost a scandal. History had lost even the sense of shame. It was a hundred years behind the experimental sciences. For all serious purpose, it was less instructive than Walter Scott and Alexandre Dumas.

Doubtless the Middle Ages offer a great many problems still, but we have opened up fields of which Henry Adams never even dreamed, and especially in the direction of those cultures which have remained from remote ages outside the particular stream which swept on through Greece and Rome, the Holy Roman Empire and the Hundred Years' War, the French Revolution and modern nationalism, to industrial capitalism and August, 1914. As we are ourselves part of this stream our ideas suffered from too much inbreeding so long as we studied it alone, and the newer researches into unrelated cultures and civilization, whether of China or the Pacific, or the Eskimo or the African Bantu is acting like some cleansing exogamy of thought.

The present work calls to mind another paragraph from the Education, where Henry Adams is describing how his students accepted his methods of teaching history:

> The boys worked like rabbits, and dug holes all over the fields of archaic society; no difficulty stopped them; unknown languages yielded before their attack, and customary law became as familiar as the police court; undoubtedly they learned, after a fashion, to chase an idea, like a hare, through as dense a thicket of obscure facts as they were likely to meet at the bar; but the teacher knew from his own experience that his wonderful method led nowhere.

In a pessimistic mood the observer of modern anthropology may sometimes wonder if this is not relevant to the new context. If he turn, for example, to the introduction by Professor Elliot Smith, he will find that the writer's only interest in what Mr. Fox has to tell him lies in his belief that here is new evidence of the diffusion of all culture whatsoever from ancient Egypt. "San Cristoval" we are told "is for the ethnologist an island of peculiar importance; it has preserved until the present day many remarkable survivals of a culture, for the exact parallel of which we have to go as far afield as Egypt, and as far back in time as the Pyramid Age forty-five centuries ago."

Now the discerning reader will immediately smell danger, for his intelligence may at any moment find itself am-

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bushed. On the one hand he knows that Prof. Elliot Smith and his copartner in iniquity, Mr. W. J. Perry, have published a series of books purporting to prove the Egyptian diffusion theory and that these books are remarkable for false logic and ignorance of the laws of evidence. On the other hand he knows he can never hope to check the data provided by Mr. Fox because anthropology almost alone among the sciences can seldom hope for more than one worker in a given field. No one else is ever likely to go to San Cristoval equipped to make so extensive a study.

The great question therefore which must settle the worth of this book as a contribution to the history of civilization is, how far has Mr. Fox been influenced by a priori theories in gathering his material: "a thicket of obscure facts" they undoubtedly are and no rabbit has been more industrious than Mr. Fox in "digging holes all over the field of archaic society," but was he digging in order to find something which in consequence he found?

A preliminary reading of this book is reassuring: Mr. Fox knows his technique. Egypt hardly appears to have entered his thoughts and the reader should easily be able to circumvent the intrusion of Prof. Elliot Smith. The chapters follow orthodox ethnological divisions and the material is well arranged. Some conception of the interesting complexity revealed is gained by a study of the burial customs: no less than twenty-one forms of burial are observed including burial with the head above the ground, in a hollow tree, in a food bowl, on a tree platform and cremation. There is a rudimentary art of embalming and Mr. Fox considers that all these practices "can be accounted for if we allow four groups of people; one which interred its dead and preserved them as long as possible in an extended position, as in sleep; one which buried its dead in an upright position preferably in the sea; and one which cremated its dead." This passage shows the general method adopted in this book: it is an attempt not merely to describe the culture traits existing at a given moment in a given community, but to trace their history and to find out how they got imbedded in the culture whole. The influence of succeeding immigrations can thus be estimated and each separate culture linked up with world history. Such a method requires rigid attention to logic and evidence but if these are added to a close observation, as they seem to be in the present case, an undoubted contribution to human history results.

The last chapter of the book is a summary of what the author feels himself to have achieved in this direction and it compares favorably with such allied masterpieces as Rivers's History of Melanesian Society, but whether it settles any of the more general problems of culture diffusion is an open question. What we require for this task is a study of the mechanism of culture contact, detailed accounts of what happens when culture meets culture, and such evidence, widely scattered through innumerable publications, awaits the good services of a synthesist of genius. In such a task, which is in reality the basis of all history, we cannot afford to overlook any careful collection of data. That is why the beliefs and mysteries of the Solomon Islanders have a genuine claim upon the serious historians, who have tended far too often to look for all origins in classical models to the great detriment of our understanding of human nature today. Indeed the time is past when we could still ignore any of the devious paths by which human beings have passed through the fields of life: nor can we still approach history by way of a comparison between ourselves and the supposed excellencies of the classic nations. The last battle between the Greeks and the barbarians in the university of knowledge has been won—and won by the barbarians.

JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES.

The Dominion of New England, A Study in British Colonial Policy. Viola F. Barnes, Ph.D. New Haven: Yale University Press. $3.50.

THIS is the most complete single study that we yet have of the Andros régime in New England and of the colonial ideas of the English government of which it was the expression. Dr. Barnes leaves the vials of wrath, which earlier historians used to empty over this episode, peacefully on their shelves, and gives us a sane, well-balanced and judicial treatment. We are told what the British government was trying to accomplish, and are shown both the strength and weakness of the new policy. Andros himself sheds hoofs and horns and appears in propria persona as an honest though not brilliant government official attempting to carry out the orders of his official superiors. The reasons for his failure, partly inherent in his instructions and partly in his own handling of the delicate situation, are amply set forth. With respect to this aspect of the experiment, the author clearly shows to what extent the governor's hands were tied by his orders from home.

The point on which the book sheds most new light, and with regard to which it may be considered as a genuine contribution to knowledge, is the existence of the party of the Moderates in the colony. Dr. Barnes elucidates the composition of this group, their attitude toward the new colonial policy, the failure of Andros to realize the importance of retaining the support of the party, and the consequent ease with which his administration was overturned in the Revolution of 1689. The ground is taken that if these men, who were in general sympathy with the new policy, had not been alienated by some of the methods by which Andros carried that policy into effect, they would have adopted a different attitude toward the revolution, and the Theocrats could not have so readily succeeded in overthrowing the governor when the crisis came.

The book is thoroughly scholarly in treatment, easy in style, and gives the best analysis we have of the period of which it treats.

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS.

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